No. 2412.—Vol. 94. August 17, 1907.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE RIOTS IN BELFAST: A CHARGE OF CAVALRY.

In the early days of this week the crisis was reached in Belfast. The rioting broke out more fiercely than ever, the strikers fighting on so doggedly that the soldiers were at last ordered to load with ball and fire. Prisoners were taken with great difficulty; women who fought beside their men fell beside them too. The scenes of terror of '86 were far surpassed, and not a street fight ended without leaving its quota of badly wounded—police, soldiers, and strikers—on the ground. It is known that several of the strikers have died of their wounds. one of them being a woman; and the hospitals are filled to overflowing with the injured.

An Interesting Book on Health.

SENT FREE FOR THE ASKING.

"Penny Illustrated Paper" readers are advised to send at once for this interesting book, which deals with the problem of health—how it is lost and how regained—in a most intelligent manner. It is well worth two guineas to anyone who reads it, yet it does not cost a penny to secure it. It is sent free, postage prepaid, to all who write for it.

The sending of the book places you under no obligation whatever. You will feel better for reading it. It tells the story of hundreds of poor sufferers who have been restored to perfect health by the electric method. It tells that story in a plain, straightforward way, and it will go direct to the hearts of many ailing persons who have been doctoring and dosing themselves with medicine in a vain endeavour to get back their strength. The gladsome tidings that these messages convey cannot be too widely distributed.

Have you ever thought of the relation that electricity bears to the human body? Did you ever try to find the reason for your poor health? This book on curative electricity tells you of these things. It tells how to apply this wonderful force to the body so as to restore its nervous power—its vitality—and when your vitality is up to standard you are strangers to feebleness, pains, aches, and disease. The world looks bright to you—you are happy.

The pain in your back, the weakness of your stomach, your loss of appetite, the headaches, nervousness, dizziness, the dullness of mind, lack of energy and ambition, weariness, are all symptoms of loss of nervous power; and all the scientific men tell us that nervous power is electricity, the force that is contained in the nerve cells. It is this power that runs the great force-pump of the system—the heart—also the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and every organ of the body.

A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 52), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring the book to you at once. Do not delay, as it may be of vital importance to you. If near enough to call, a free test of the wonderful curative powers of electricity will be given you.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

BEETHAM'S LAIT LAROLA REG.

Entirely removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Tan, &c., and

Keeps the Skin SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE

at all seasons. Invaluable for the Complexion.

Delightfully Soothing and Refreshing after Walking, Golfing, Cycling, Motoring, &c. Bottles 1/-, 1/9, and 2/6 each. Of all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

REAL PHOTO POSTCARDS.

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Bird Series - Nos. I & 2.
Actresses - No. I.

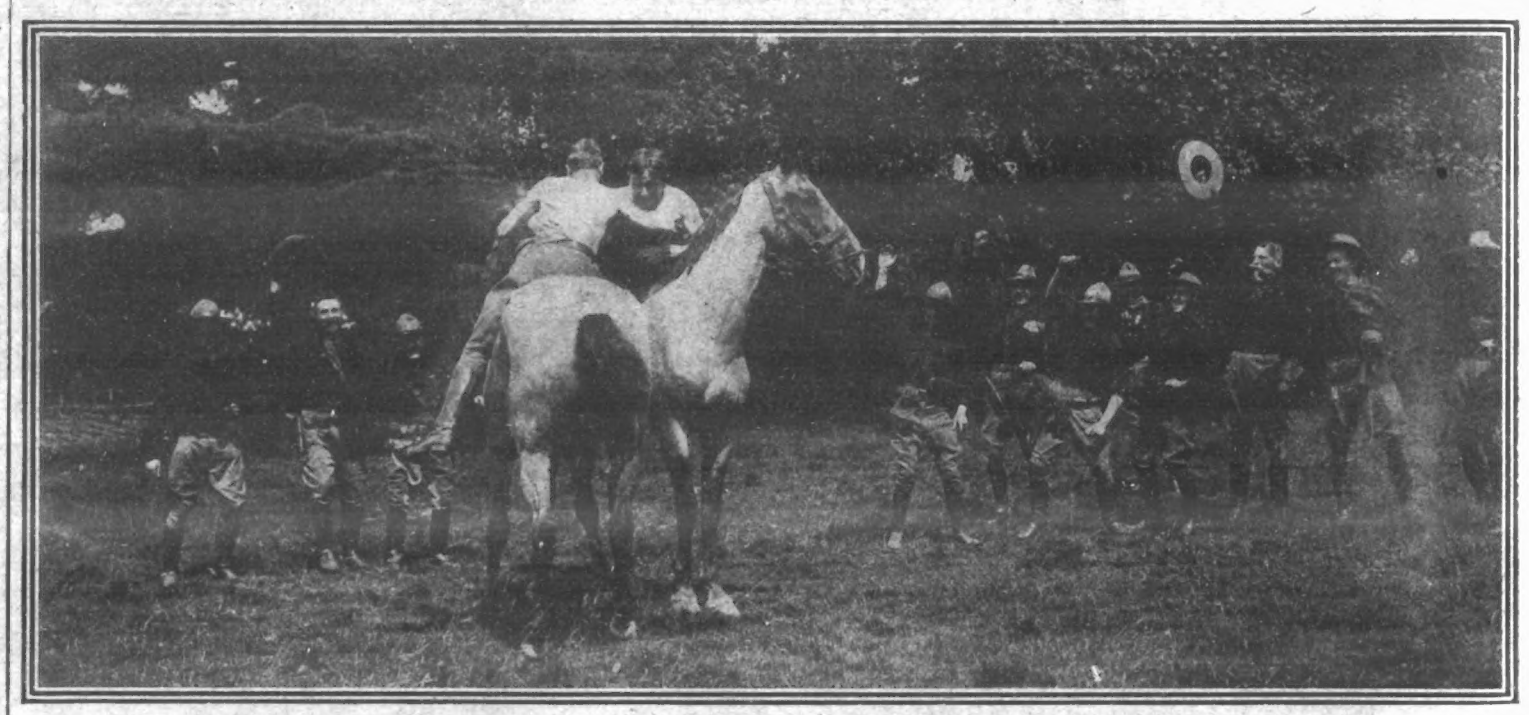
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

"SKETCH" P.P.C. DEPT.,
172, Strand, London, W.C.

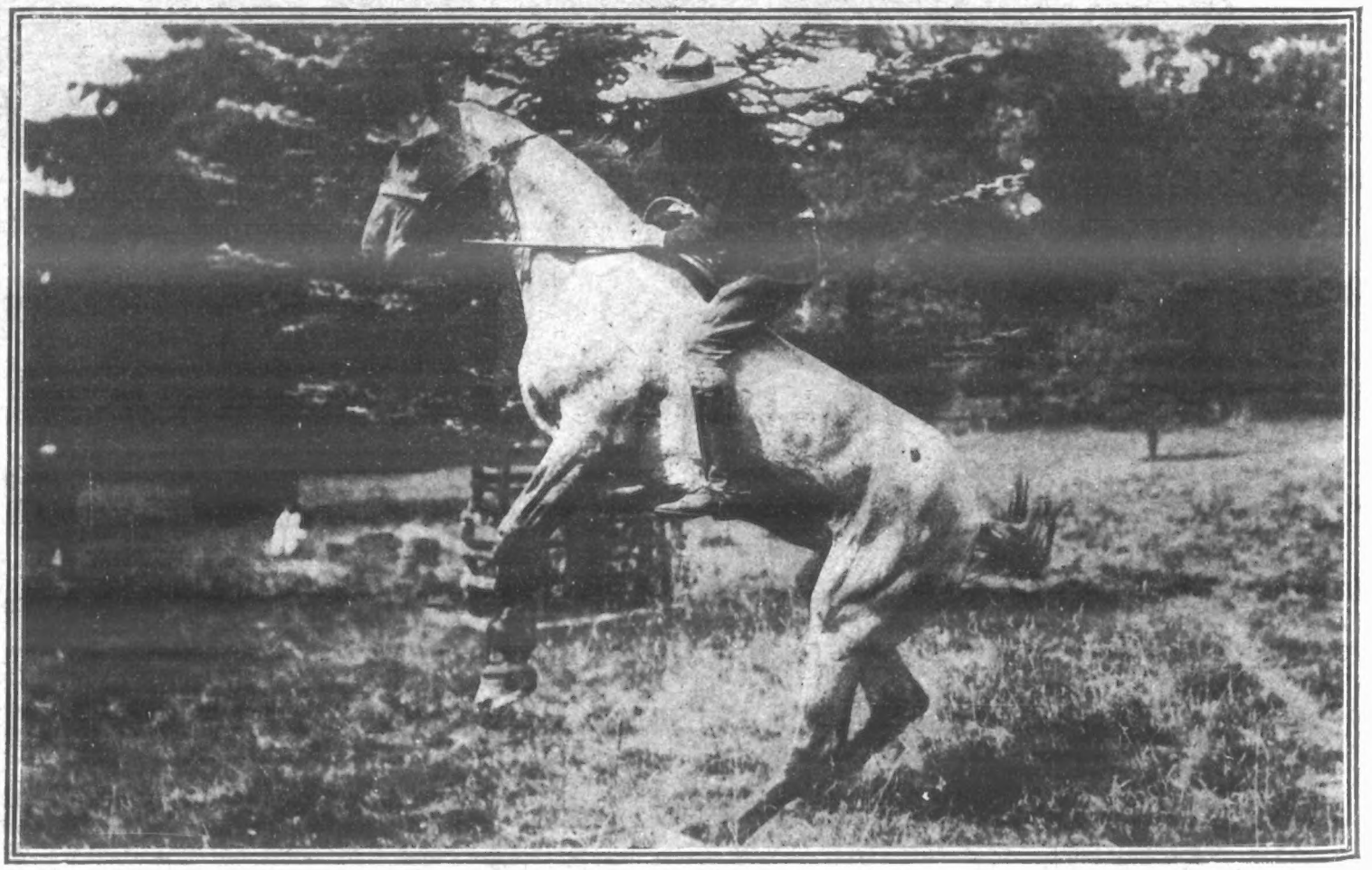
THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN IN KENT.

THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN HAVE JUST COMPLETED A LONG RECRUITING RIDE THROUGH THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES.

Through the march they have lived in strictly Colonial style, sleeping in the open and eating round camp fires. Our photograph shows them watering and cleaning down their horses for the night.



TROOPERS WRESTLING ON HORSEBACK.



BREAKING IN A HORSE FOR BARE-BACK RIDING.

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued.)*

PERHAPS of all my school experiences the strangest was to have to go to bed at half-past eight. You see, when I was on the stage, it was generally close on midnight, and sometimes even later, before I reached home: and often and often, after the excitement of the theatre, I used to lie awake and hear the clock strike two, three, and four. But at school, punctually on the stroke of half-past eight, I used to take candle and a box of matches and wend my way up the great, cold, bare staircase to my bed-room, which was quite comfortably, but by no means luxuriantly furnished. It was rigorously forbidden, too, to talk in the bed-room, and so, at that early hour I often did not feel a bit sleepy, I used to lie awake and wonder to myself what people in the great world outside the walls of my school were doing.

Then sometimes, as the church clock outside struck nine, I used to fancy that I was on the stage again. And in my dreams I could hear the little call-boy's shrill tone calling out "Miss Phyllis Dare, please," and I fancied I was back at the Vaudeville once more, just going on the stage to sing my duet "Suppose" with Mr. Stanley Brett. And so I used to doze and doze, and often I imagined I was a really important leading lady at some big West-End London theatre. In my dreams, too, I could hear the applause of the audience and the sharp tap of the conductor's bâton as I was recalled for an encore. Then I would, in my sleep, stretch out a hand over the bed-clothes to take the bouquet which some kind member of the audience had sent to me, only to suddenly awake with a start to find myself a mere nobody, just an ordinary schoolgirl—and not a leading lady at all.

Yes, my impressions of those days in Brussels stand our very clearly, for everything seemed so strange; but time passed really quite quickly. Indeed, I sometimes used to think that I should be sorry to go back again to London, with its noisy, crowded streets; but, as events turned out, my school-days were to come to a sudden and dramatic ending much sooner than I had ever imagined possible, for one morning, just after I had swallowed two slices of thick bread-and-butter and gulped down a cup of rather muddy coffee, my father quietly walked into the class-room, having travelled all night to get to Brussels early in the morning, and informed me—just as if it was the most natural thing in the world for a girl to leave school at an hour's notice—that I was to go upstairs at once and pack, as I must be at home the next day at all costs.

At the moment I was too astounded to ask any questions, and, as one in a dream, I packed up my plain school dresses, hurriedly collected the few knick-knacks I possessed, put everything all "anyhow" in my small leather trunk, got two girls to help me to sit on it to strap it down, and before I had actually realised what had happened I was being driven in a ramshackle old cab to the station.

Once in the train, however, I literally aimed a volley of questions at my father. "Why am I leaving school like this?" "Why didn't you tell me you were coming over?" "What a frightfully rude girl the mistresses must have thought me!"—and so on and so forth, until I stopped for want of breath.

"You have been chosen to succeed Miss Edna May at the Vaudeville," said my father quietly as he handed me a thick scroll of closely-typewritten matter, "and here's your part—it's rather a long one, and you have to rehearse the day after to-morrow, so there's not much time to be lost." A long explanation as to how all this had come to pass then followed, and before we boarded the steamer I felt that the most important time in my theatrical career had arrived. But, all the same, it seemed perfectly hopeless to expect me to be able to succeed so popular and clever an actress as Miss Edna May in so short a time.

However, there was nothing for it but to make the best of things, so that, wrapped in a thick travelling-rug and sitting on a comfortable lounge-chair, I sat up on deck all night studying my part by the light of a flickering lantern from a cabin close at hand, realising only too clearly that every throb of the engines was bringing me nearer to a truly formidable ordeal. On my arrival home, too, my peace of mind was not increased when, after three hours' sleep, the representatives of no fewer than eighteen newspapers called to see me between two and five o'clock in the afternoon, each one anxious to know whether I thought I should prove equal to the task of taking up so important a part at such short notice.

Every minute of the next four days was taken up in rehearsing, being fitted for dresses, trying over songs, and a thousand and one other things which had to be attended to at once.

At last the all-important night arrived. To my dying day I shall never forget it.

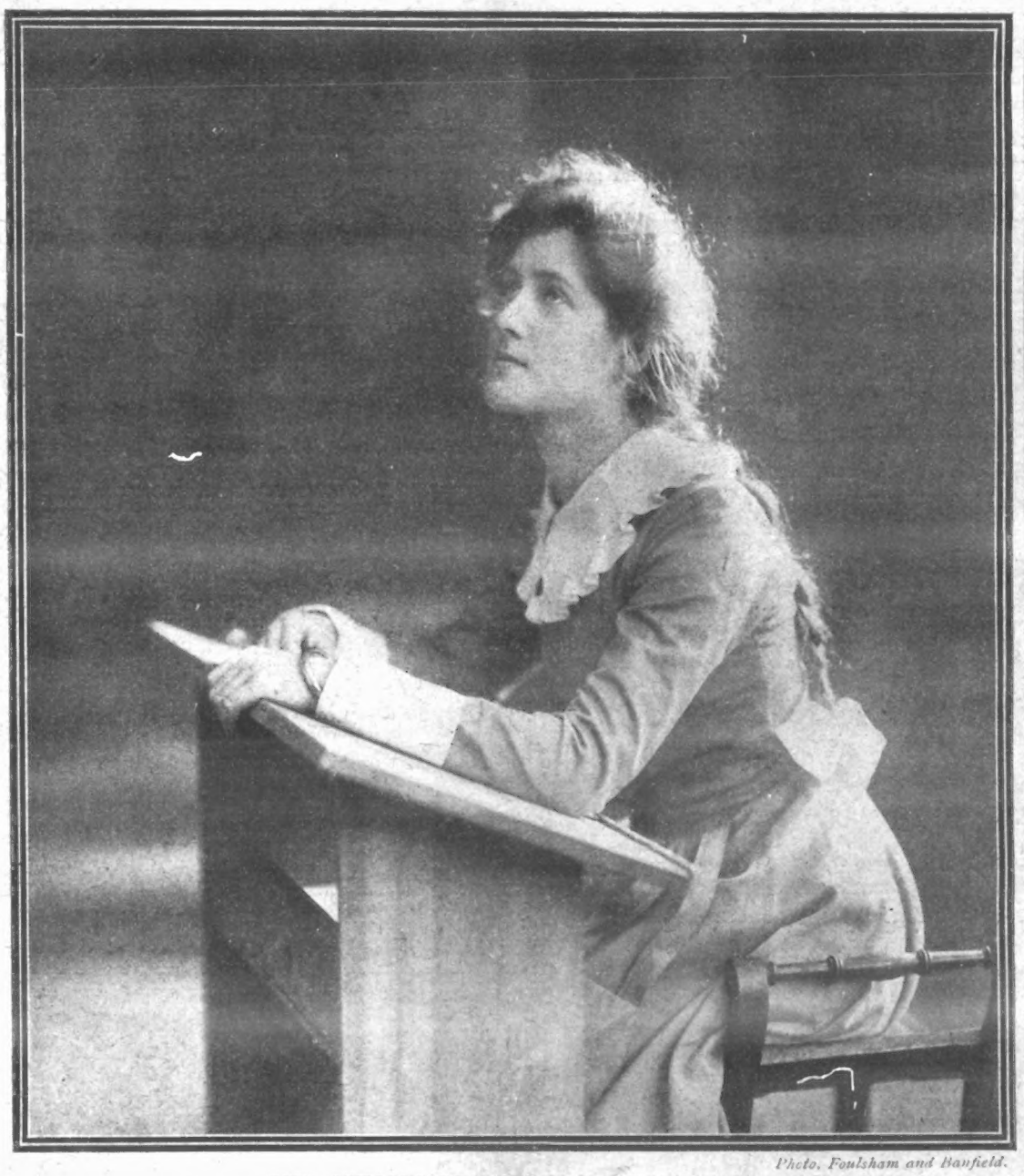


Photo. Foulsham and Banfield.

THE SCHOOLGIRL-ACTRESS'S SIMPLE LIFE.

Miss Phyllis Dare in the Belgian Convent, where she went to finish her education after playing the part of leading lady at the Vaudeville.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HARM DONE BY MALICIOUS GOSSIP ABOUT MEMBERS OF THE STAGE—I TAKE UP MISS EDNA MAY'S PART IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR."

Public interest in my appearance had been greatly stimulated at the time through a cruel rumour which had been circulated about me, but of which, until my return home from school, I knew absolutely nothing.

I wonder why it is that so many people take such a strange and fiendish delight in making up the most weird and extraordinary stories about actors and actresses? Still, the fact remains that the stage has, I believe, for years and years formed the happy hunting-ground of busybodies and malicious, meddling, gossipers from which they aspire to "bring down" some luckless member of the profession about whom they think the story they propose to fabricate will be swallowed with avidity by all and sundry to whom they relate the outcome of their imaginative brains. For instance, on innumerable occasions, people not connected with the stage have told me "tittle-tattle" of the most impossible description, which I have known to be without a shadow of foundation, about actors and actresses of my acquaintance, with a mysterious air as if to say, "We are in the know, exclusively in the know, in theatrical circles."

By this time, experience has taught me that it is a hopelessly futile undertaking to tell purveyors of lies of this description that they are talking "mere footle," and so, although I always contradict unkind reports when they are untrue, yet I very much fear that all efforts in this direction are seldom believed. And, after all, if it pleases people to concoct fearful and wonderful stories about people on the stage whom they have never met in their lives, and, indeed, have only seen across the footlights, I suppose it would be unkind and selfish to wish to deprive them of their pet hobby. Still, it is a trifle rough on the subjects of these fabrications; but somehow or other, we manage to live, all the same.

Fortunately, too, the general public invariably stand by those whose reputations malicious perverters of the truth would try to drag down to the dust, and to my dying day, even if I live to be ten times the age of Methuselah, I shall never, never forget the sweet sympathy which was extended towards me by thousands of perfect strangers when they realised that rumour had wronged me in as cruel and heartless a manner as lying tongues have probably ever before done in the whole history of the stage.

By every post, by registered post, by messenger, by personal delivery, all day long letters arrived from people I had neither seen nor even heard of, each one containing the kindliest expressions of sympathy for me at a time when they felt—they, the writers of the letters which cheered me up so at a trying period of my career—that I might, perhaps, be in need of "a few kind hand-shakes." During one week, for instance, I received no fewer than three thousand letters, samples of which, perhaps, may be interesting, as they serve to show how the public will stand by those whom they feel to have been wronged.

"Proud possessor of nine-hundred-and-thirty-seven picture-postcards of you" sent the following poetic effusion—

> When calumny most fiercely stings
> Let this be your consolation,
> 'Tis only on the sweetest things,
> That wasps commit their depredation."

A Sixth Form boy at Eton wrote as follows: "My dear Miss Dare,—I feel I must write and tell you how much I sympathise with you, and how sorry I feel when I imagine what pain these foul accusations must have caused you; but needless pain, for everybody knew that they were but cowardly lies.

"I am longing to read of your latest success as 'The Belle of Mayfair,' for success it must be; and I only wish I could escape from school just to see you playing your part with that infinite grace which makes you so endeared in the hearts of the British public.

"I can only say again how much I feel for you, and how I wish you every success in your new rôle of 'The Belle of Mayfair,' and close. Hoping you will not think this a very presumptive letter, and trusting you will not think me an ass for writing, Yours very truly,

"One of the Eton Sixth."

A little girl, aged twelve, arrived at my house at half-past seven in the morning on the day it was announced that I was to return from the convent at Brussels, and brought the following effusive note of welcome, at the same time enclosing an example of her skill with the brush: "Dear darling Miss Phyllis Dare,—Father told me last night that you were coming back from school to play Miss Edna May's part in 'The Belle of Mayfair.' I am a schoolgirl myself, and can understand how frightfully nervous you will be, so, to cheer you up, father is taking me for a treat to the Vaudeville on Saturday night to welcome you. I am supposed to be in bed now, but I got up early and slipped out of the house to bring you this before anyone was up. Is the enclosed picture anything like you? I painted it in my bedroom this morning, before I was dressed.—Yours lovingly—Molly (Irish)."

A famous Judge, whose name has recently figured very prominently before the public, added his judicial quota to the flood of sympathetic letters which poured in upon me. He wrote—"Dear Miss Dare,—My wife and I wish to offer you our sincere sympathy in this shameful annoyance to which you have been subjected through the dastardly accusations circulated about you by male and female blackguards.

"There are always such scoundrels about whose chief delight is to inflict pain on those who cannot defend themselves, and hardly know from which quarter they are attacked, but lately there has been an epidemic of this cowardly anonymous libel all over the country, and it needs to be put down with a firm hand. Actresses, I have long thought, could do much good in this world, by setting an example to those who come to see them. In this case the trouble which has befallen you will only heighten the esteem and affection the public have for you, and I shudder to think of what would happen to those who have circulated the cruel rumours if they were turned loose and exposed to the tender mercies of ALL who have had the pleasure of seeing you.

"Assuring you of our heartfelt sympathy. My wife would have written, only she is laid up with a severe cold.

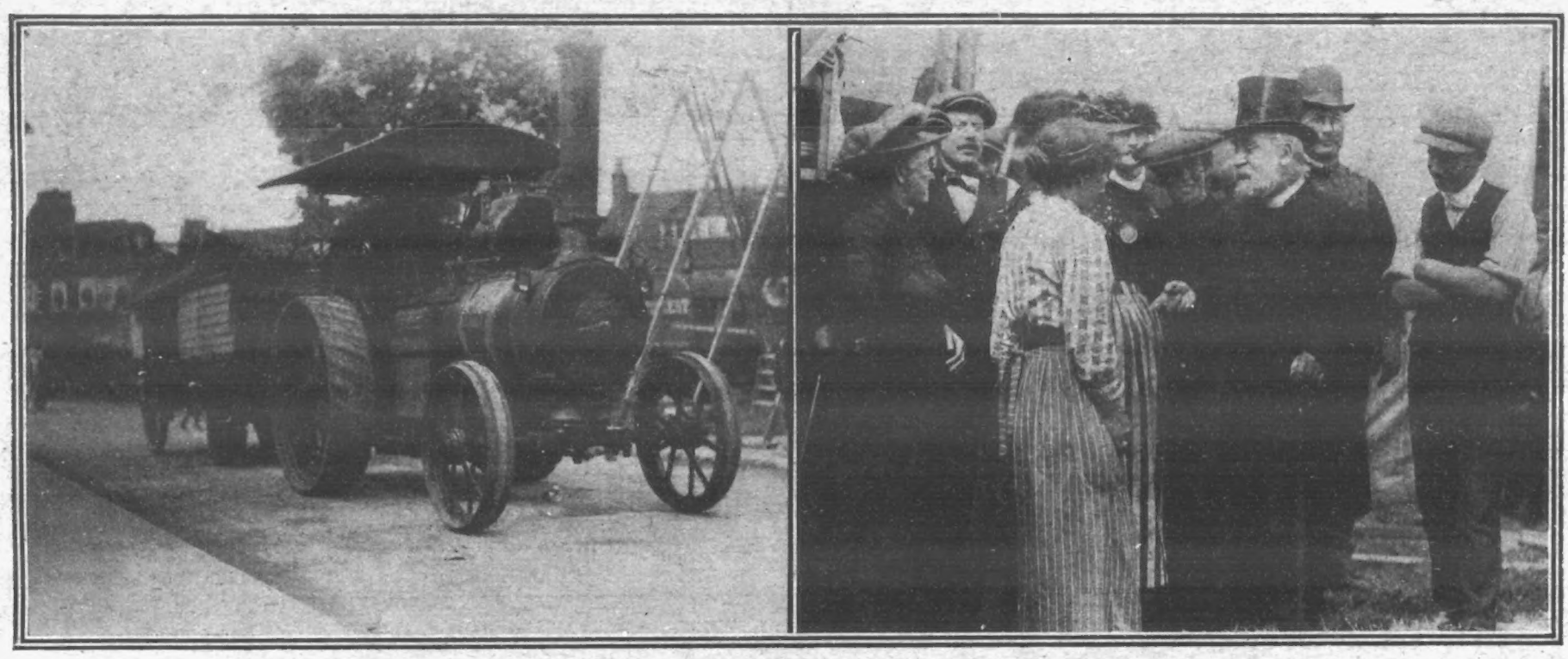
"Believe me, Always yours sincerely,

"——"

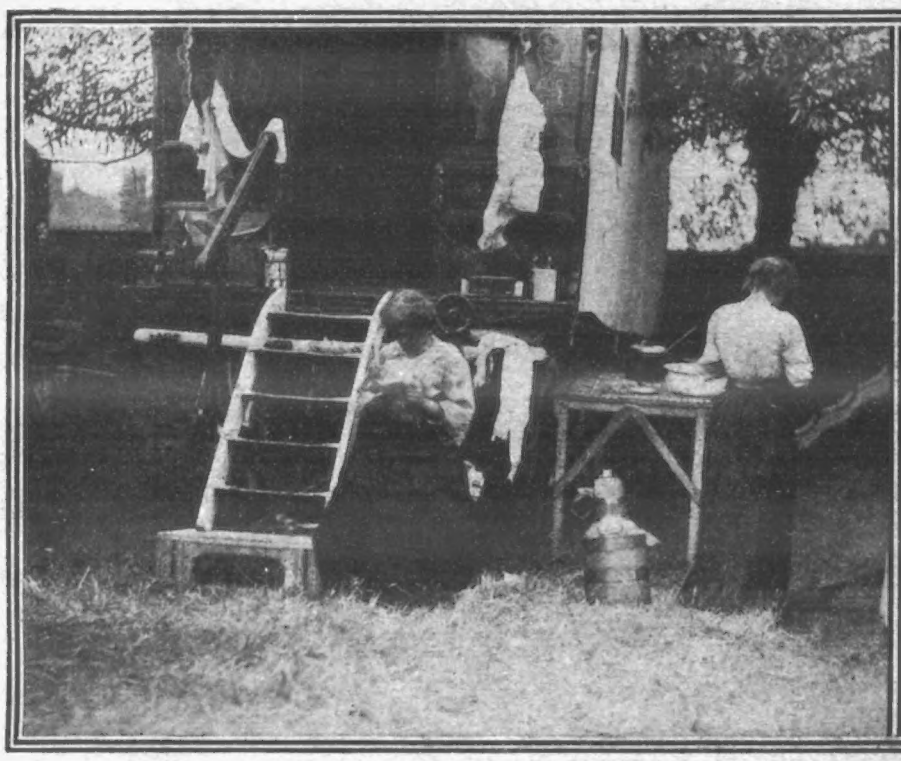
(To be continued.)

THE TRUE HOME RULE. Use "Keating's!" It kills Fleas, Flies, Bugs, Beetles, and all kinds of insect pests. Nits in children's heads. Is harmless to animals. None genuine without the signature, Thomas Keating, Chemist, London. Sold in Tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Bellows (full), 9d. Of all Chemists, Grocers, and Oilmen.—ADVT.

THE MITCHAM FAIR DISPUTE: WRITS ISSUED.



The dispute between the Mitcham Common Conservators and the showmen who visit the village for the fair has reached an acute stage. Writs have been served on 154 of the men, who have erected booths on the Common. The Conservators object to the annual fair on the ground that it depreciates the value of the property in the neighbourhood, and they issued notices about a fortnight ago forbidding the erection of roundabouts, swings, and cocoanut shies on the Upper Common. But in spite of this the men flocked there this year in greater numbers than ever. Our photographs show a traction-engine bringing a side-show (in sections) to the Common, and the "Showman's Parson," the Rev. T. Horne, talking to some of the showmen on the Common. The fair has been held for many years, and the showmen hold a Charter. It is on the strength of this that they are fighting.



DOMESTIC LIFE IN A CARAVAN ON THE SHOW GROUND.

COOKING OPERATIONS COMMENCE EARLY ON MITCHAM COMMON.

Photos. Topical.

TEIGNMOUTH COLLECTS FOR ITS LIFEBOAT.

1. The lifeboat being launched before a crowd of visitors. 2. An unusual sight—lifeboatmen capsizing their own boat. 3. The authorised collectors, who reaped a good harvest in a good cause.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Is Teetotalism a Failure?

FOR.

NOW that the body-and-soul advocates of total abstinence have carried their fanatical campaign to such a point that they cannot regard the doors of a public-house without seeing in them the gates of hell, the light of truth and science is being let into the whole question of "Beer or tea?"

Medical men, than whom none are better entitled to be heard on the subject of teetotalism, have at length come forward fearlessly to meet what they have very rightly named the "unscientific twaddle" of the rabid blue-ribbon brigade. The truth of the matter is that, in order to intimidate the few who are habitual drunkards, the "drink bogey" has been turned into a hideous monster to scare men and women who have not the courage of their own opinions. It has taught those who once led sober lives to feel that, in consuming their glass of beer, they are regarded as deadly sinners by those who have set their faces so determinedly against intoxicants of all kinds that they are even crying out because there is a proposal to propel motor vehicles by means of alcohol!

The fighter for the cause of temperance is a bad fighter, because he will not admit the worthiness of his foe; nor are his weapons those of truth and commonsense. The attitude of the "staunch teetotaler" is wholly without reason when he commences by labelling every form of intoxicant "poison," and encourages the sale of drinks which not only bear names that should strike horror into the heart of every non-drinker, while he cares very little if the beverages he recommends contain a very appreciable percentage of spirit, so long as they are partaken of on strict teetotal principles. In this way teetotalism has not only failed in its object of securing adherents who abstain from a sound conviction that beer is not necessary to their health and happiness, but it has begun to bring on itself discredit as

A Cause Conducted on Hysterical and Dishonest Lines.

It does not content itself with dealing in a broad-minded way with the abuse of intoxicating liquors; but it damns in a wholesale spirit (if we dare to use the word) every member of the community who, from conviction or physical need, takes a modest amount of stimulant. The ultra-temperance man is he who starts on the understanding that all men are drunkards at heart, and that the worker who is seen to enter a public-house must, as a natural consequence, be one who starves his family and thrashes his wife. How cruelly this howl over the "drink fiend" has borne on many a hard-working, respectable family-man most of us could bring instances to prove. It is surely owing to the tyrannical preaching of teetotalism that at the present day it has become extremely difficult in many directions for the moderate drinker to obtain work, because the abstainer has succeeded in closing the door against every applicant who has not signed the pledge.

A case in point may be recorded. Recently a mechanic applied for a post in a London workhouse, and the first question put to him by the Board was—"Are you a teetotaler?" What was this man to do? Although, strictly speaking, a sober fellow, yet a "drinker," he knew that if his answer was not in the affirmative his chance of employment was gone. On the spur of the moment he was tempted to deny his private convictions. The result was his engagement. A few days later this victim of the tyranny of teetotalism was seen coming out of a public bar. On being taxed he was obliged to give up his post. The sequel to this unmistakable proof of the

Injustice of the Blind Advocacy of Teetotalism

came when the Board in question decided that in future the question as to temperance principles should not be put, as it was "an inducement to men to lie."

The consideration of abstinence in relation to health has, during the past few weeks, received a knock-down blow at the hands of medical and scientific men. At a meeting of the National Temperance League, the President of the British Medical Association declared that two or three pints of beer a day caused no more injury than tea, and that a meal of light beer and bread-and-cheese was "scientifically better" than one of bread, tea, and jam.

He might have gone further, and pointed to the grave danger to health that over-indulgence in tea has now become. It seems to be the maxim of the teetotaler that the stronger his convictions the stronger must be the tea he drinks, until some enthusiasts consume pints of a decoction that only a tea-soaked body can indulge in without being poisoned.

That the failure of teetotalism has now been taken up by those who can speak authoritatively on the subject is bound to prove of wide benefit to millions of workers who have fallen under the iron hand of the temperance reformer, who refuses to deal with the drink question like a reasonable being, or to admit that temperance, in its true sense, is a far finer quality than the total abstinence which proves that a man cannot trust to his power of self-control.

AGAINST.

The progress towards universal teetotalism has been carried far by the unflagging energy of the temperance crusaders. It has given us the great army which fights with its badge of blue, symbolic of the purity of Nature's wine; it has given us Sunday closing, and it has taken the long-needed step of protecting the young from the temptations of the "unsealed" bottle. But there is still a splendid hope before the reformers, which is nothing less than temperance legislation which will make short work of the victims of the curse of drunkenness. Teetotalism can do much by moral persuasion; still it has no legal sway over the inebriate who has not been convicted of drunkenness three times in one year. But we may be quite sure that the struggle against the greatest vice of the age will not stop short of empowering the law to deal with every case of the insanity of drink in the land.

It has unhesitatingly been declared that nine tenths of the misery and crime in this country can be attributed to the drink habit; that the mental and physical degeneration of the people is directly traceable to indulgence in alcohol in one form or another, and that absence of thrift is in the homes of the drinkers. Is not this a sufficient plea for the support of a great national movement?

Concerning the destructive work, moral and physical, which alcoholism carries on, there can be no uncertain view; the thing stands in all its terror before us each day, each hour. What are our drink-shops but

Lures to the Moral Coward,

the vicious, the failures in life, and those who have not the courage to meet their misfortunes in life with a clear brain and an untrembling hand? Who in their heart of hearts can urge one plea on behalf of the flare of the public-house bar, except that its glitter tempts men from their homes and gives them the owlish hilarity of the drunkard?

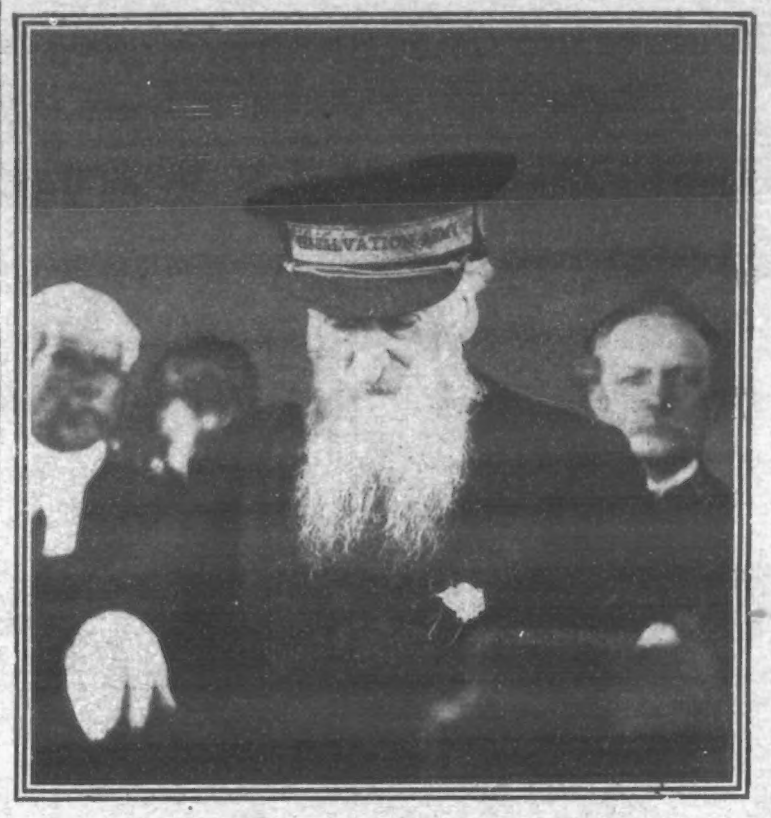
But the fight of teetotalism is not only waged against the habitual drinker and all the misery attendant upon the abuse of drink. Its highest aim is to regenerate the race, and give us a nation of strong, long-lived men and women. And it is here that the value of teetotalism has been proved up to the hilt. In all cases where endurance is put to the test it is the total abstainer who comes to the fore. In every great industrial centre figures prove that the best workers are the men and women whose vitality is not lowered by evenings spent in the consumption of beer and spirits. In the athletic world the value of abstention is so universally acknowledged that the first step taken by the man who desires to become "fit" is to "knock off" the alcohol he has been drinking, no matter how moderate the quantity. In the Army and the Navy the benefits of teetotalism have long been recognised, and the momentary gain of

"Dutch Courage" been Weighed and Found Wanting

against the stamina built up on the natural forces of the body. The vital question of the use of stimulants in cases of disease and illness has during the past year been given the closest study by our leading physicians and surgeons, and their verdict is the vindication of teetotalism. The wines that were at one time administered "medicinally" in hospitals throughout the country have almost ceased to be ordered by their medical staffs. It has been found that the use of intoxicants in the treatment of any form of malady is practically nil, and furthermore that the patients who are confirmed abstainers are those who make the speediest recoveries.

Even among those classes which at one time indulged in wine-drinking almost without exception, the principles of teetotalism have made enormous headway of recent years. The lesson taught in humbler spheres has not been without its force of example, and at the present moment men and women of the social world are daily joining the band of abstainers.

We know that nowadays there is an anti-teetotal movement on foot, but those who are pledged to the cause of temperance can afford to regard the opposition with an easy mind. Even had these misguided interlopers any strong grounds on which to urge their plea for drink, it is difficult to see why they should seek to interfere with a work the blessing of which to the community at large cannot be ignored by the most short-sighted. But so far from this being the case, the drinkers of strong drink have no convincing examples of the virtues of intoxicants, much less a trump card that will overthrow the argument of the temperance advocates. The utmost that has been done is to assert that alcohol taken in small quantities is not harmful to those who can refrain from swallowing it in large quantities. But surely this fairly obvious fact is no argument in favour of abandoning the crusade of temperance, which fights for the final bringing about of a time when the drunkard will not find his miserable excuse for intemperance in the plea that the partaking of intoxicants is a custom among civilised humanity.



THE GENERAL OF TEETOTALISM.
General Booth at Cardiff last week.

Photos. Illustrations Bureau.

STAUNCH SUPPORTERS OF TEETOTALISM: CARDIFF SALVATIONISTS WAITING TO WELCOME GENERAL BOOTH.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

INTERNATIONAL cricket is the main topic at present. We have the third and last of the Test matches with the South Africans immediately in front of us, while the M.C.C. are endeavouring to build up a team to go to Australia this "fall." The match which begins at the Oval on Monday can be regarded with equanimity, for the South Africans cannot win the rubber. On the other hand, our team for Australia will be quite unrepresentative, and no matter what happens we shall not look on the tour in too serious a light. Lilley, Hayward, Tyldesley, and Hirst have declined, and with such as C. B. Fry, F. S. Jackson, A. C. MacLaren, and P. F. Warner not going, it will certainly not be "England."

The most interesting match of the past week was that between Surrey and Middlesex at the Oval. It was a match of contradictions. Middlesex played so well at starting—they had first knock—that they appeared safe from defeat, for their opening batsmen, Pelham Warner and James Douglas, made 149 and 79 respectively, and an extra big score seemed probable.

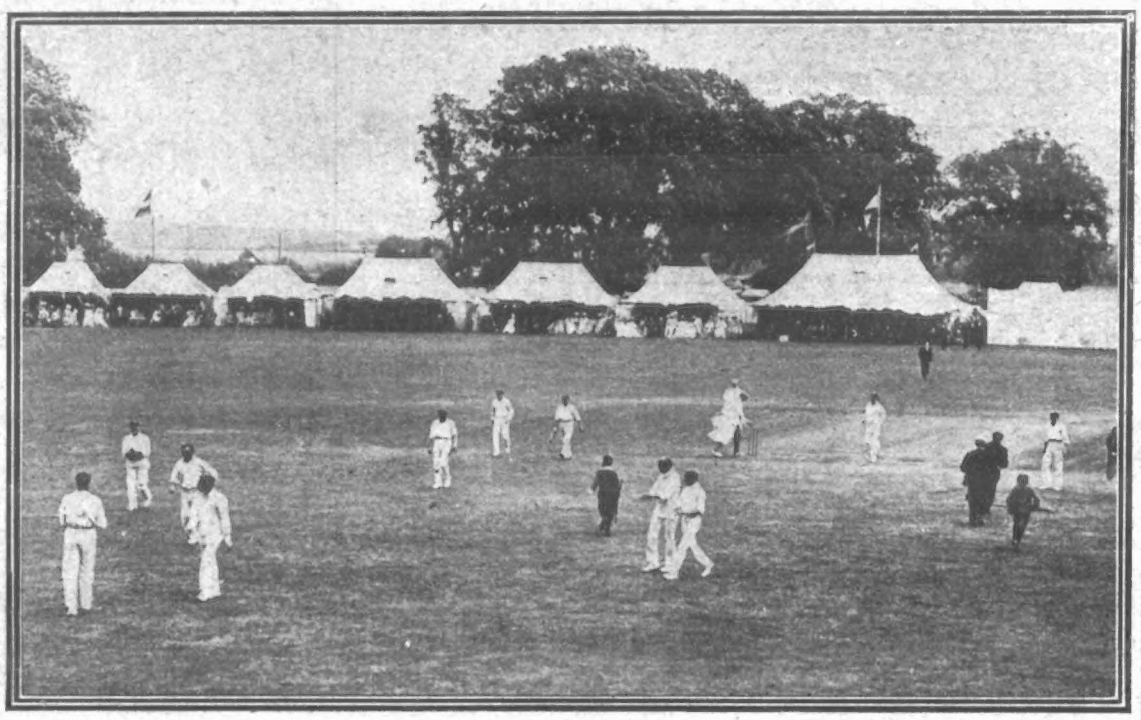
However, Surrey discovered that they had been overlooking a treasure, and, possibly by accident, they found that the gigantic young Australian, Alan Marshal, could bowl. When most of the others had had a try he was given a chance, and dismissed five of the opposition for 59 runs. That turned the fortunes of the game for the time being, and the Middlesex innings was finished off for 330.

Surrey made a wretched start, the two leaders, Hayward and Hobbs, only just reached double figures, and Middlesex appeared to have recovered from a bad finish. Then came another surprise, for Hayes flashed out with a brilliant 202, J. N. Crawford hit finely for 82, and Lord Dalmeny took something under half-an-hour to make 50, the efforts of the three batsmen named putting Surrey on top.

Middlesex, however, when the 'Varsity men are able to assist, are a side not easily frightened, and, thanks to some brilliant batting by Bosanquet, Payne, Page, and Wells, they equalled their first innings' score—a curious coincidence in first-class cricket. Surrey lost four wickets for 81 runs at their second attempt, and had rather the worst of the draw.

There was never any period in the game between Essex and Sussex at Leyton when the play reached a high standard of excellence. In fact, the game dragged for the most part until near the finish. Robert Relf played a very good innings for 68 on the first day, but smudged his record by taking over an hour to make 5 in the second innings. Cox hit well for 56, and in the second innings Killick played forcibly for 77. Essex had to thank three men for winning the match by one wicket, Fane making 86, Perrin 42, and Buckenham 37, the latter's being a really fine innings at "a pinch."

The game between Warwickshire and Yorkshire at Birmingham was unfinished. The match was unfortunately marred by accidents, Haigh having to return home on account of an attack of tonsilitis, and Dolphin could not keep wicket owing to an injured thumb. There was no enterprise in the Yorkshire batting, and beyond the fact that Tunnicliffe made a century, there was nothing in the play calling for special comment.



CANTERBURY WEEK.

Kent coming out at the close of the Lancashire innings.

At the time of writing Notts are still unbeaten, and last Saturday they beat Gloucestershire by two wickets. The great feature of the Notts batting recently has been the play of Payton, who recently made the first century of his career in county cricket in the match with Surrey at the Oval, his contribution on that occasion amounting to 149 (not out). In the Gloucestershire match he gave further evidence of his skill by scoring 26 and 91 (not out). Langdon is another player who is in great form at present, as he scored two fine innings of 75 and 69 for "the county of the Graces."

Kent seem to be going from bad to worse. What is the matter with last season's champions? They have got good cricket in them; why don't they pull it out? For some reason or the other, they seem unable to do themselves full justice, and last week-end they went under to Lancashire at Canterbury by 87 runs. They led on the first innings, thanks to a century by K. L. Hutchings; but a three-figuure effort by R. H. Spooner at the Northern county's second attempt back-marked it, and with the Kent batting failing when they went in to get the runs, they were beaten.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The Southern Counties Cycling Championships—the tenth of the series—were decided at the Herne Hill track last Saturday, in the presence of a fairly large company. Unfortunately, there is a difference between the Union and the Polytechnic C.C., the Putney A.C., and the Paddington C.C., none of the clubs named supporting the gathering, nor did the "Poly" Club fliers, H. C. Bouffler and C. H. Bartlett, take any part in the meeting.

H. D. Buck, the Anerley rider, won the one-mile championship with some ease, his runner-up being G. Gear, Havelock C.C. R. C. Kebbell, Elite C.C., actually finished second, but was disqualified for boring. The one-mile open tandem handicap was won by W. J. Bailey and W. T. Dunn, Polytechnic C.C. The fifty-miles Southern Counties Championship (tandem paced) was taken by W. G. Priest, North Surrey C.C., who won in 1 hour 59 min. 24 4-5 sec. The second was C. Price, Oval C.C., with R. O. Mitchell, Anerley B.C., third.

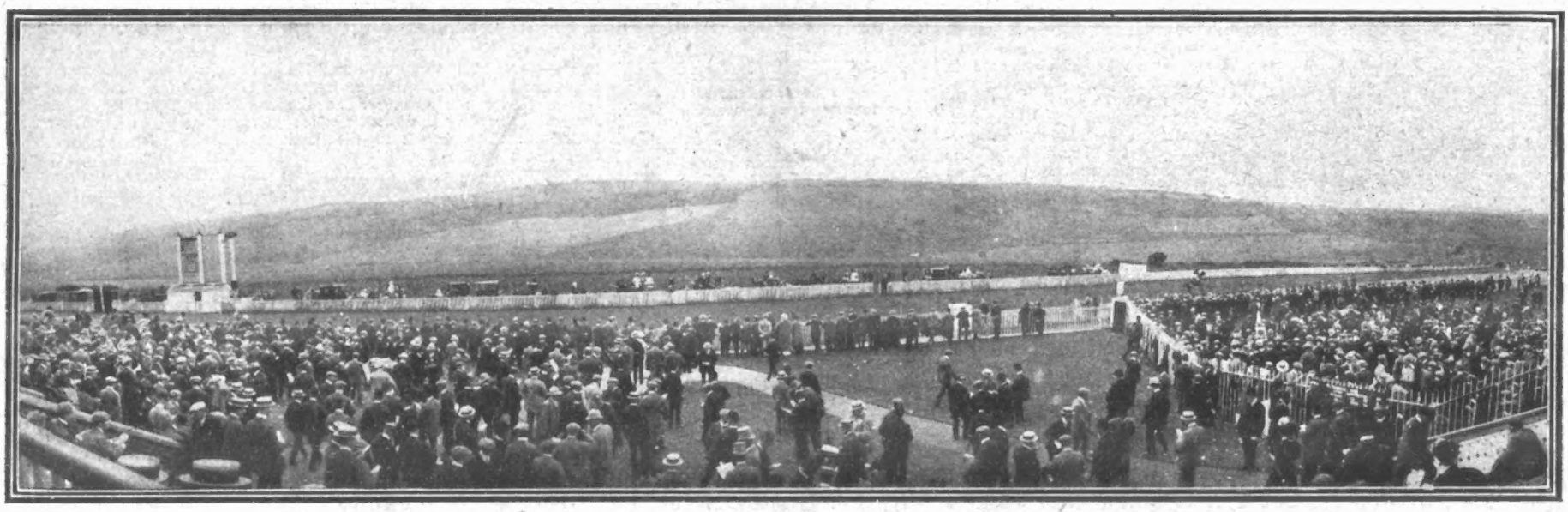
The Anerley B.C. scored in the Roberts Shield, which they won with the lower score of 4 points. The Oval C.C. and the St. John's Amateur C.C. tied for second place with 8 points each; the Elite C.C. scored 10 points, and the Havelock and Inverleith C.C. were both credited with 11 points.

The City of London Police held their annual gathering at the Crystal Palace, as usual, and, as in former years, the meeting was a great success. There were three open running events, these being at 100 yards, 300 yards, and half a mile.

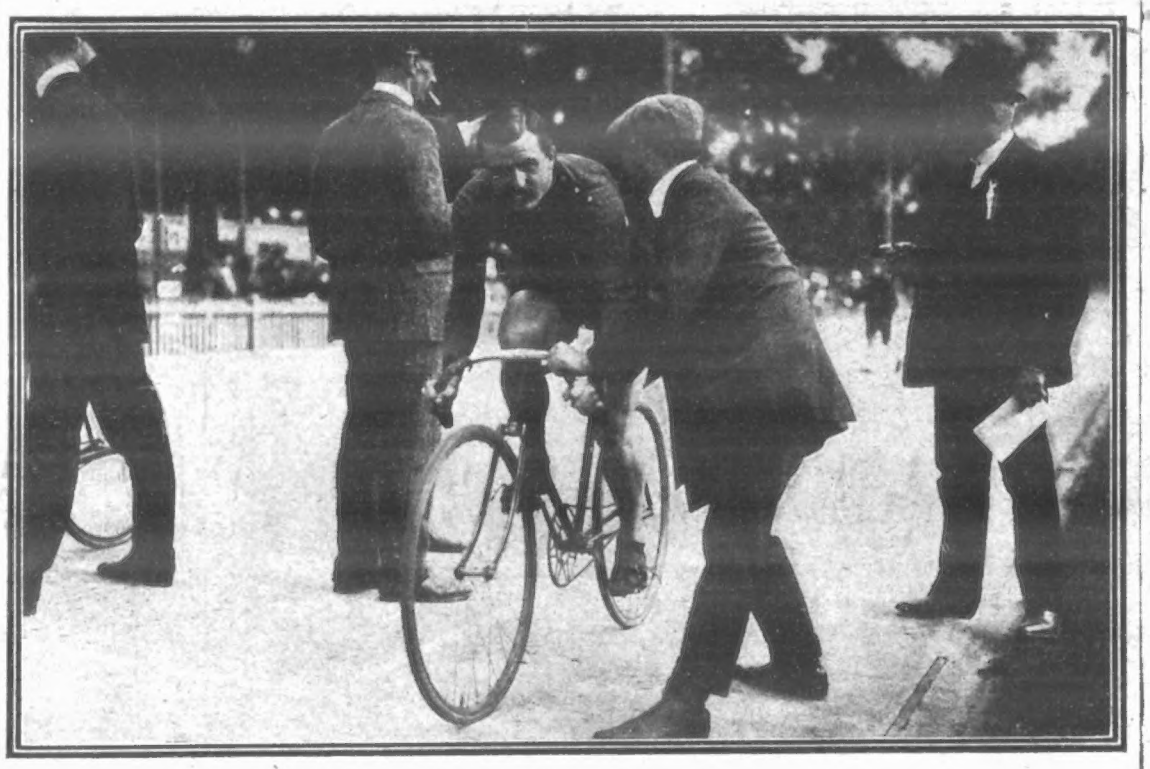
The first of these was won by a "youth" of fifty-one, who, though he had not previously gained fame, certainly proved to demonstration what a man is capable of after passing the half century. The runner in question is J. S. Mayne, who, in the colours of the Finchley Harriers, won the race with a start of 17½ yards, in even time. C. W. Francis, Herne Hill H., was first in the 300-yards, and the half-mile was secured by J. Ballantyne, St. Martin's Harriers.

The 300-yards handicap for the Dewar Shield, which carried with it a championship, was taken by P.C. Patrol Harris, with P.C. Jobson and P.C. Townsend second and third respectively. The 100-yards handicap, open to all the police, was won by R. Moody (City), 14 yards start. T. Chambers, K Division, was second, and W. J. Jones, K Division, and Highgate Harriers, was third

The famous Celtic Football Club had a big meeting on their ground at Glasgow, 20,000 people being present. The meeting was patronised by some of the best athletes and cyclists in training, including such stars as J. W. Morton, Ernest Payne, and Ben Jones, the



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LEWES RACECOURSE WHERE SOME INTERESTING RACING TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.



SOUTHERN COUNTIES CYCLING MEETING AT HERNE HILL.

Syd Jenkins, who won two of his three matches with G. Flint.

SHEEP-DOG TRIALS AT TRING.

PENNING THE SHEEP. SHEPHERD GIVING DOGS INSTRUCTIONS. SEPARATING THE SHEEP INTO GROUPS FOR PENNING.

Wigan cyclist. The last-named secured a couple of first prizes, and Payne one. Morton was third in the sprint, R. Kitson, West of Scotland H., with a start of 2½ yards, winning in 10 1-5 sec.

The Paddington C.C. held a meeting at the local recreation ground, and there were a couple of open events. The 440-yards open cycling handicap went to G. C. Anderson, Forest C.C., the latter winning from scratch in the fine time of 30 sec. The mile open resulted in G. C. Piercy, Polytechnic H., who had a start of 65 yards, crossing the line first in 2 min. 15 3-5 sec.

On Monday the Adelphi C.C.'s 50-miles tandem and singles championships were decided between London and Brighton. For the third consecutive year the tandem event went to C. R. Page (the hon. sec.) and his son, H. C. Page, their time being 2 hours 8 min. 8 sec. The singles race, which carries with it Mr. H. Young's challenge shield, was won by W. Mardon, whose time was 2 hours 21 min. 58 sec.

SWIMMING.

Ireland had an easy task in their match with Wales at the Blackrock (County Dublin) Baths last Saturday, victory resting with them by four goals to one. Two of the winners' points were gained before the interval, and they put on their other couple before Mann scored Wales's only goal. The scorers for Ireland were J. Beckett (two), G. Beckett, and Conway.

P.C. Innocent — one of the most famous of police swimmers—added to his laurels at the Crystal Palace lake last Saturday, when he won the 440-yards amateur police championship by seven yards from A. S. Robinson, with P.C. Blackmore third, four yards behind the Manchester man. Innocent's time was 6 min. 44 sec.

GLENDALE v. HADDON HALL.

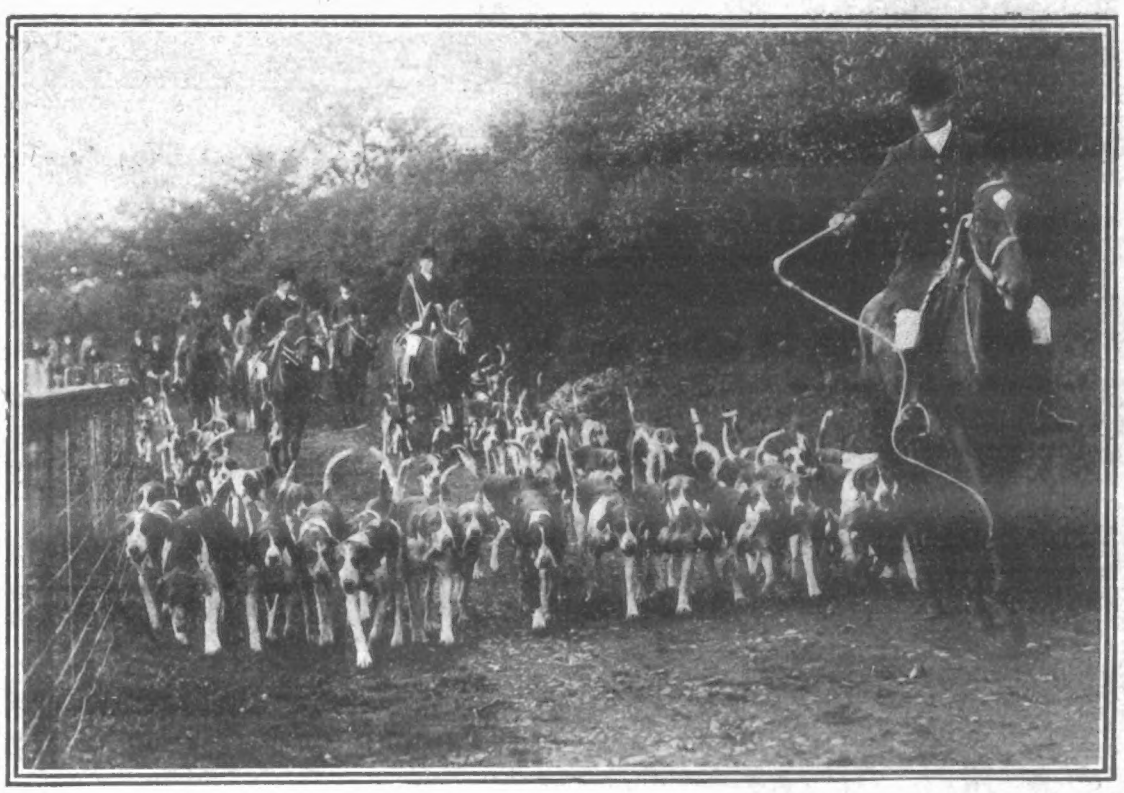
Played at Crofton Park on Aug. 10. Scores—

Haddon Hall: A. Litherby, c Hunt, b Brackenboro, 19; F. Maggs, b Hunt, 1; E Bickle, b Brackenboro, 0; A. T. Richardson, b Brackenboro, 3; S. J. Gotts, b Hunt, 26; C. Smith, b Snell, 13; A. Cook, b Hunt, 0; G. Woods, b Snell, 0; T. Waddington, b Hunt, 3; F. Bridger, b Hunt, 0; F. Beveridge, not out, 0; extras, 7. Total, 72.

Glendale: Hunt, b Maggs, 33; G. Brackenboro, b Maggs, 16; Adams, b Smith, 1; Farmer, c Litherby, b Bickle, 23; Tilley, c Gotts, b Maggs, 11; Goody, b Maggs, 8; Snell, b Bickle, 3; Reade, not out, 5; Bunn, b Richardson, 1; B. Passmore, st Gotts, b Cook, 3; extras, 21. Total, 124.

Hunt bowled and batted well for winners, Gotts making top score for losers.

In the Yeovil and District Cricket League, the Stoke-under-Ham club still maintain an unbroken record, having played and won ten games. On Saturday last they played Crewkerne, when they were victorious by 12 runs. Batting first, Stoke were all dismissed for 33 runs. T. Lang (12) being top scorer. The Rev. Southcombe captured six wickets for 17 runs, and H. Parker three wickets for 15 runs, one batsman was run out. Crewkerne could only get 21 runs. T. Lang captured six wickets for 5 runs, and S. Welsh one for 14 runs. Three batsmen were run out. Montacute defeated Barwick and Stoford by 49 runs—Montacute 95 (F. Peppard, 24; W. Clark, 21; W. Baker, 17; and H. Woodhouse, 16 not out); Barwick and Stoford 46—(B. Plowman, 10). For Montacute H. Woodhouse captured seven wickets for 25 runs; W. Clark three wickets for 7 runs. South Petherton defeated Petters United by 37 runs—South Petherton 76 (Sharpe, not out, 28; H. Brumwell, 20). Petters United 39 (R. Hann, 12).



THE FIRST MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS
The hounds arriving at the meeting-place.

NOTICE.—*In future all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, W.C.*

The crowd at the meet. Amateur photographers busy "snapping" the hounds.

THE FIRST MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

MOROCCO'S TERRIBLE SCENES OF BLOOD AND FIRE.

FIGHTING is still raging about Casa Blanca, and the parties of refugees who are arriving at Tangier by steamer bring pathetic stories of the condition of the town.

The attacking hordes of tribesmen are increasing daily, and it is feared that the French force that has been landed is hardly adequate to cope with a determined attack.

Discipline is perfect among the French troops, and this quality has greatly surprised the Moors, who are astonished at the rapid fire the French soldiers can pour into their ranks at a moment's notice.

The French cruisers continue to throw shells wherever the tribesmen are especially aggressive, and the havoc they work has had an excellent deterring effect on the Arabs' impetuosity.

The Kabyles made a determined attack on the French camp on Saturday, but were repulsed by the fire from the French ships. It is stated that the Arabs lost very heavily.

Commandant Mangin (says a writer from Tangier) is doing excellent work at Casa Blanca, and is reassuring the influential Moors in the town, who are as much opposed to the tribesmen's attacks as the French themselves. Looting is being thoroughly suppressed, and several Jewish robbers have been shot by order of the French commander.

The Sultan's Minister for War has sent a letter to the French commandant congratulating him on the pacific work which he is accomplishing.

The position of affairs at Mazagan is full of danger. The British steamer *Gib-el-dersa* has arrived at Tangier from that port with 240 refugees on board. An outbreak is expected at any moment. The tribes have come up to the gates of the town demanding money, and threatening that they will wreck the place if they do not get what they want.

The French cruiser *Amiral Aube* is standing by, and the Admiral has warned the Moorish Governor that he will bombard the place if the Moors show the slightest disposition to attack Europeans or to loot.

The Sultan's Foreign Minister, Mohammed el Torres, has issued a circular to all the members of the Diplomatic Corps warning the Europeans not to venture beyond the picket of guards. He declares that those who disregard this warning must be responsible for the consequences of their actions.

Governor Arrested.

The Governor of Casa Blanca has been arrested by the French commandant, and has been taken aboard one of the war-ships.

He was arrested for showing reluctance to follow instructions, which, after his alleged complicity in the recent disturbances, could not be overlooked.

Official Statement by the French Minister of War.

"Under no circumstances and at no price will the French Government pursue any idea of conquest or of military expedition in Morocco, believing that such would be contrary to the will of the country.

"We shall not leave the line of conduct which we have traced for ourselves, and which the Governments of the Great Powers have assigned to us."

The above declaration was made for publication by M. Pichon, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. He further stated that the Government would send no more troops to Morocco, understanding from General Drude that no reinforcements were necessary.

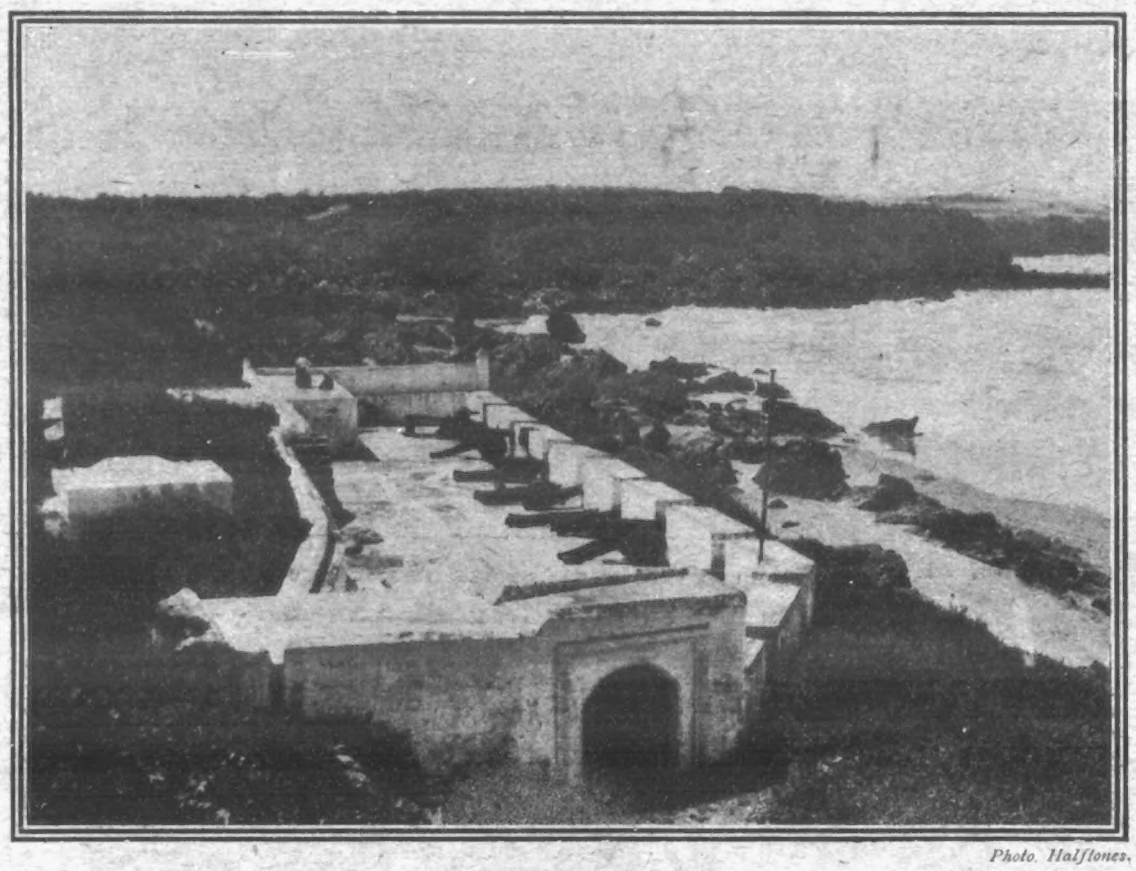


Photo. Halftones.

THE FORT OF LARACHE.

Many years have passed since the coast defences of Morocco have been improved, and Larache with its ancient guns (shown in our photograph), is still one of the strongest of its forts.

Photo. Stevens.

THE SHORE OF CASA BLANCA, WHERE ALL THE SEVEREST FIGHTING HAS TAKEN PLACE.

In this town alone hundreds of fanatical Moors and Arabs have been killed.

Photos. Underwood & Underwood.

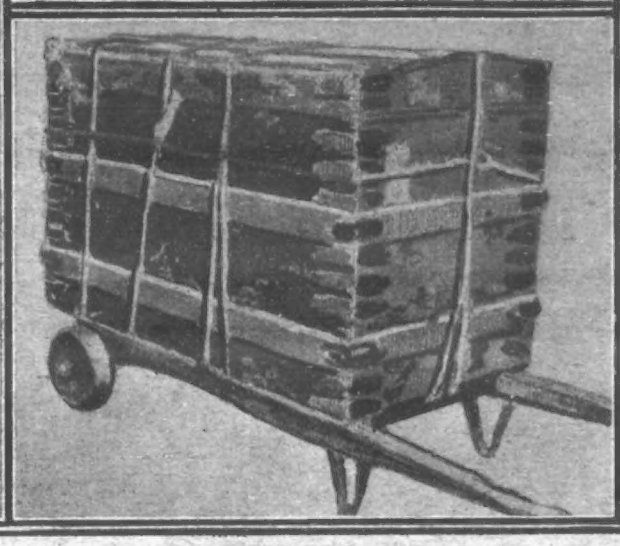
THE NATURAL ROOF TRENCHES.

In the majority of Moorish cities the roofs are flat, and they consequently afford magnificent shelter for sharpshooters. It is here that the great danger lies, for it s a stupendous task to clear the roofs of the swarming enemy.

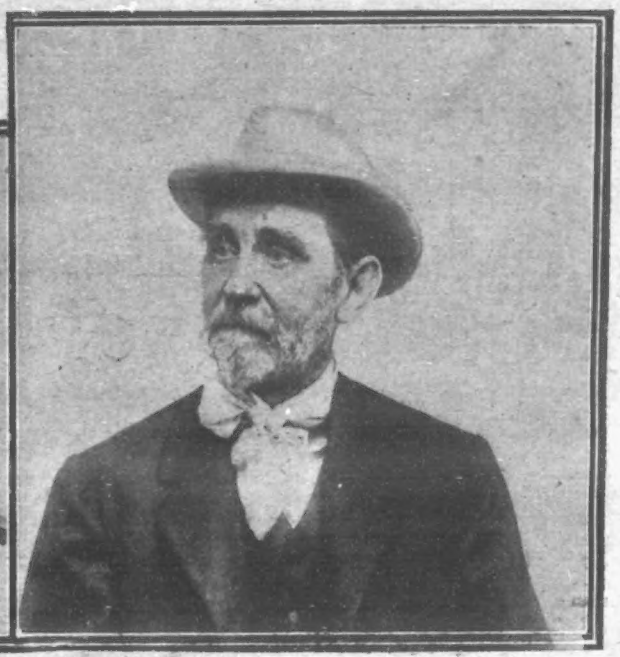
THE CRUDE HOMES OF THE ENEMY.

Our photograph shows the beehive-shaped huts of a village of Arabs encircled by a hedge of prickly-pear, which it would take a man in armour to penetrate without his skin being torn to ribbons.

THE MONTE CARLO TRUNK MURDER SENSATION.



THE TRUNK FROM WHICH BLOOD OOZED AND LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE GHASTLY CONTENTS.



[*Photos. Illustrations Bureau.*

"LADY" GOOLD.

"SIR" VERE GOOLD.

WHEN the five o'clock express arrived at Marseilles on Tuesday of last week from Monte Carlo, a well-dressed lady and gentleman left a trunk in the cloak-room of the station, while their other luggage was taken to the Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix. The travellers booked as Mr. and Mrs. Javanach.

Then followed a dramatic discovery, and a terrible crime was unravelled by the police, who discovered that a Swedish widow of considerable wealth, named Emma Levin, was murdered on the Sunday in the flat, at Monte Carlo, of a couple named Goold, who styled themselves "Sir Vere and Lady Goold."

THE GOOLDS' MOVEMENTS TRACED.

On Sunday night the Goolds went by train to Marseilles, taking with them a trunk. This trunk they deposited in the cloak-room, asking the porter Pons to send it on to London.

The man's suspicions were aroused by blood oozing from the trunk. The Goolds, who had hurried into a cab, were followed and arrested.

In support of their denials of guilt they told an extraordinary story of a murderous attack upon the unfortunate widow by an unknown lover, who forced his way into the Goold flat while she was there on a visit.

This story has received no substantiation whatever, but evidence of a diabolical murder has been discovered in the residence of the accused couple, where the police have found bloodstains, sharp saws, and a knife. A quantity of valuable jewellery found in the possession of "Lady" Goold has been identified as the property of the victim.

Later information states that Vere Goold is the brother of Sir James Stephen Goold, and a member of an old Irish family, and he has no right to the title which he has assumed. He and his wife resided for a considerable time in a Liverpool suburb, where, as in Monte Carlo, they moved in the best circles and were respected members of society.

The Goolds are to be taken back to Monaco, where they will be put on trial.

Below we give a plan of the flat at Monte Carlo, with probable scenes of the murder and the ghastly packing marked.

[*Photo. World's Graphic Press.*

MADAME LEVIN, THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM, WHO IT IS BELIEVED, WAS MURDERED FOR HER VALUABLE JEWELS. IN OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHE IS SEEN WEARING SOME OF HER PEARLS.

THE MAGISTRATE'S DENUNCIATION.

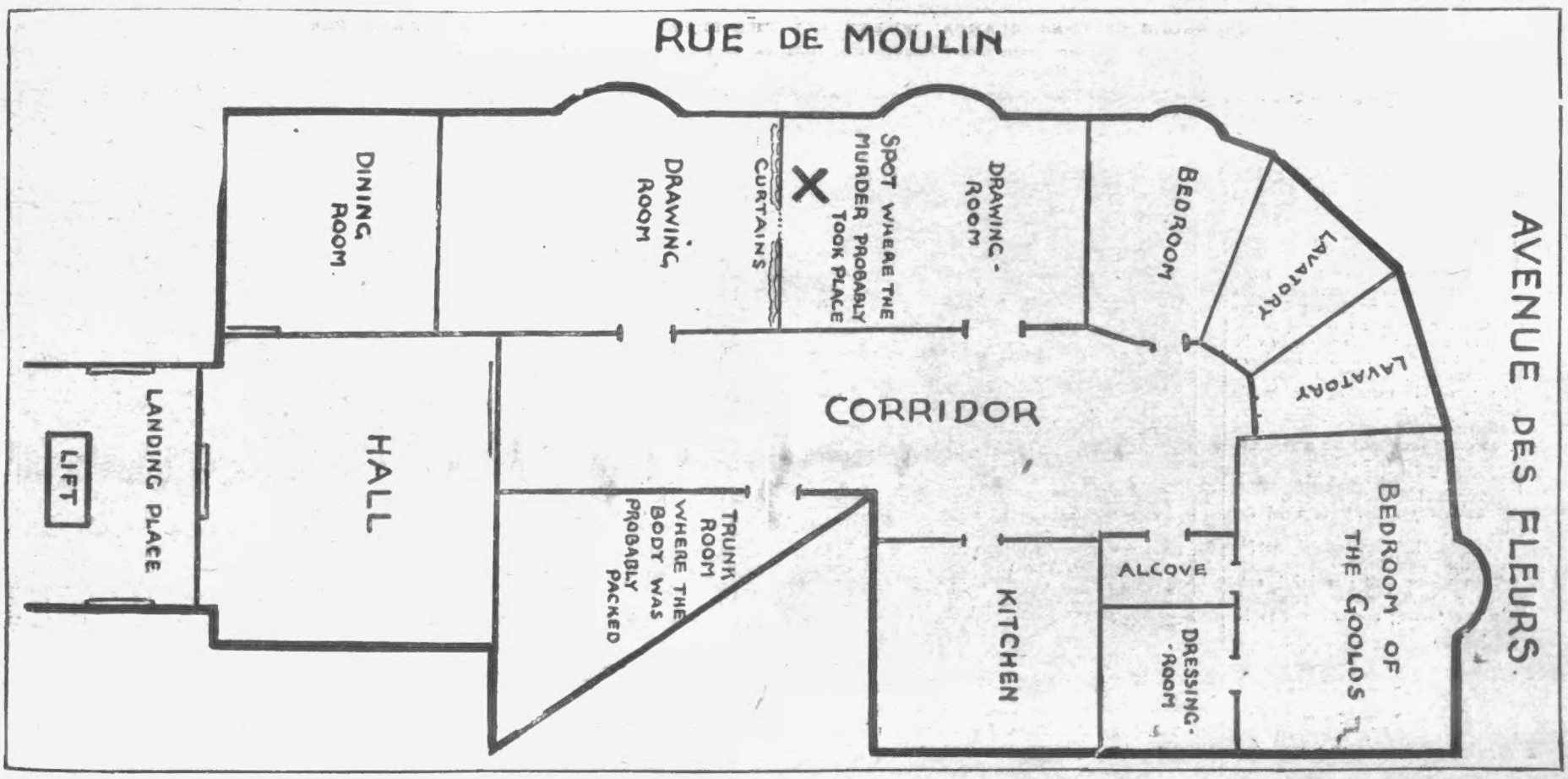
The Commissary of Police informed the accused of the result of the post-mortem examination, and asked them to explain the circumstantial evidence accumulated by the gendarmes. Their replies were unsatisfactory, and suddenly the magistrate, with a stern voice and an accusing gesture, said—

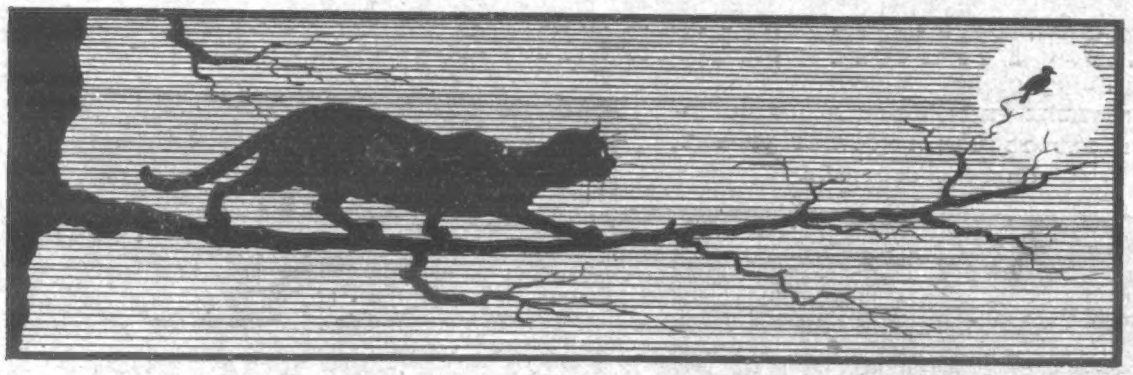
"You stunned your victim with a heavy instrument, and then stabbed her to the heart with a knife. You then cut her into pieces and disembowelled her.

"She had jewels worth £3200 upon her when you killed her, and you have made away with them. You are a pair of murderers. Confess your crime.

"Confess your crime!" he roared, bringing his clenched fist down with a thud on the desk. The woman began to answer him, and the magistrate, pointing a finger at her, shouted: "You are a murderess, and you know it. Come, confess."

Goold's face paled, and he hung his head; but the effect on his wife was more startling. She uttered a shriek and fell into a violent fit of hysteria. All efforts to compose her proved in vain, and she had to be removed to the infirmary.





HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Tested.

The proprietor of a tan-yard was anxious to fix a suitable sign to his premises. Finally, a happy thought struck him.

He bored a hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it with the tufted end outside.

After a while he saw a solemn-faced man standing near the door looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute and then stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning, Sir!" he said.

"Good morning!" said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Do you want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."

"Perhaps you've got some hides to sell?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I am a philosopher. I've been standing here for nearly an hour trying to find out how that calf got through that hole."

Cause and Effect.

A stylishly dressed woman entered a restaurant. The waiter handed her a bill-of-fare written in French and said—

"Please mark off the dishes you wish to order."

Could a woman, dressed in the height of fashion, confess that she was unable to read French? Taking the pencil, she made a few dashes, and the order read—

"Dinner, 2s," "November 20th," "Vegetables," "Please pay at the desk," "Celery."

The waiter brought her a beefsteak and chip potatoes, but she did not dare to raise a word in protest.—*Penny Magazine.*

Very Ancient.

"You have all answered my questions so well," said the Board-school teacher to her pupils, "that I am now going to examine you on history. Now, can anyone tell me who Joan of Arc was?"

There was dead silence as the little scholars in embryo sought brilliant ideas by looking at one another.

"I know, teacher!" cried one hopeful suddenly. "She was Noah's wife!"

"Just Because."

An omnibus was going along a crowded thoroughfare, with an immense railway van travelling by its side, but just a little in its rear. As they passed a certain street out shot a motor-car at full speed, driven by a youth dressed to extremity, with button-hole and eye-glass, and with a chauffeur sitting beside him with folded arms, and that contemptuous indifference in his face with which the professional ever regards the performances of the amateur.

The driver of the omnibus pulled up short, and the motor-car dashed across it, only to meet the full force of the van, which went through it as if it had been a box of matches.

The youthful personage, with his chauffeur, was, of course, thrown out, but otherwise not seriously damaged.

Then came the inevitable policeman, and the question whose fault it was.

The omnibus driver, who had seen it all, was appealed to by all parties.

"Was it my fault?" inquired the youth.

"Your fault! Why, certainly not?" growled the 'bus driver.

"Then whose fault was it?" continued the youth, greatly pleased, and naturally expecting the van-man to be denounced.

"Well, it was your shuvver's."

"But how could that be? He was doing nothing; how could that be his fault?"

"Why, just because he was doin' nothin', and lettin' a baby like you drive!"—*Chums.*

Unrewarded.

The old man looked in silence for a moment at his visitor. Then he said—

"So you want my daughter?"

"That's so," replied the young man.

"I imagine you haven't much to offer her except love," suggested the old man.

"And not much of that," was the careless reply.

The old man looked startled.

"I was quite prepared to look upon you as an avowed fortune-hunter," he said.

"Oh, I'm not to blame," answered the young man. "I don't care anything for money myself. I'm not what you would call a mercenary man."

"But in this case you admit——"

"I'm simply trying to do the proper thing," interrupted the young man. "Father says he has supported me long enough, and that it's time for me to do something for myself, and I myself think he's right about it."

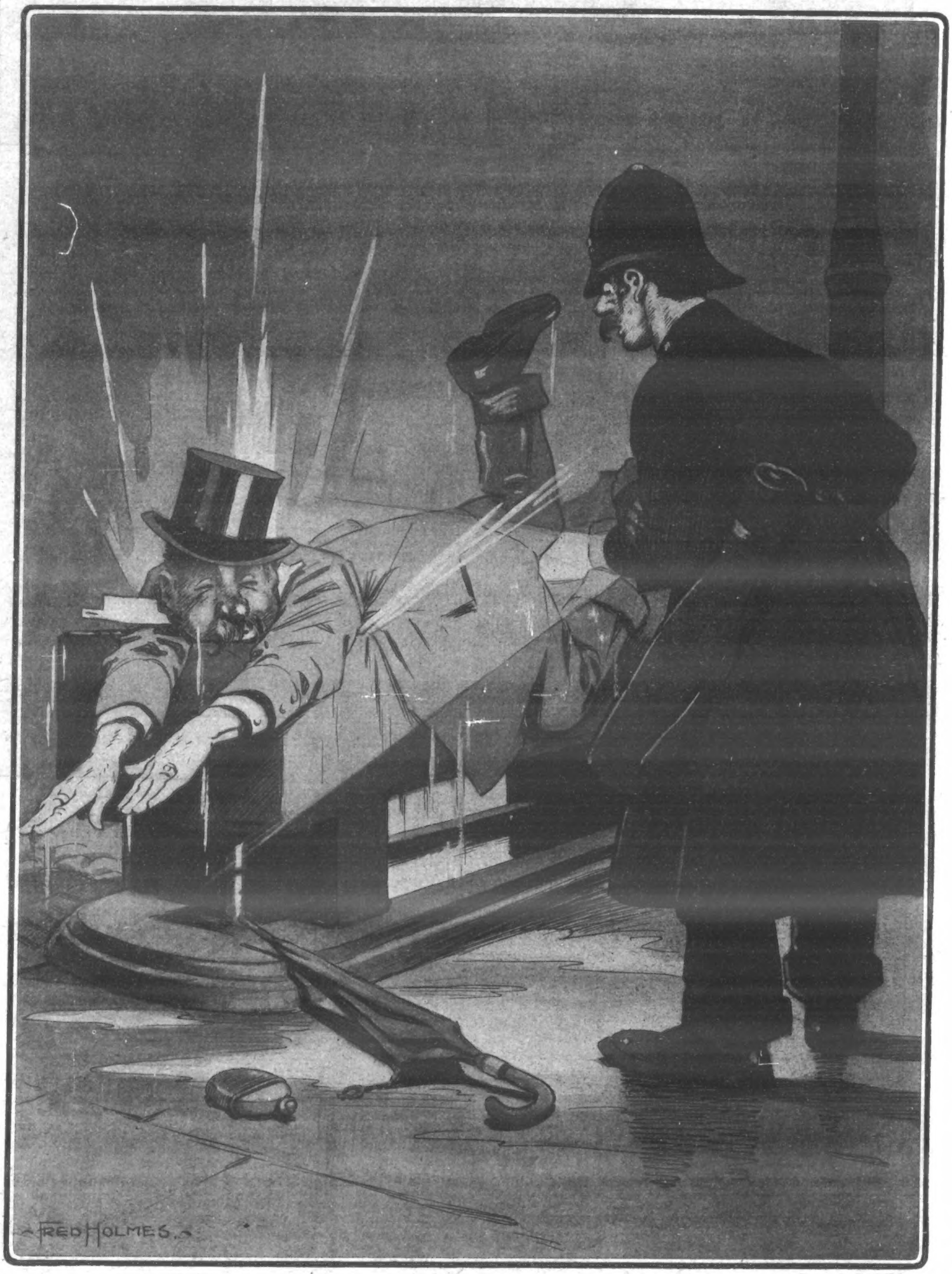
"And you dare say that to me!" exclaimed the old man angrily.

"Why, my dear Sir, there's nothing to get excited about," responded the other coolly. "Would you have me continue to be a burden to him when he has requested me to do something for myself? Then there is another feature to be considered, too."

"What is that?" asked the old man, completely overcome by his visitor's impudence.

"Why, something is due to my creditors. They have really been very considerate, and have waited so patiently, that I feel I ought to try to do something for them. That is why——"

But his frankness was unrewarded.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*



Drawn by Fred Holmes.

IN THE TROUGH OF THE WAVES.

THE HEROIC BODGERS (in horse-trough, to would-be rescuer): "Neve' mind me—I can s-shwim. Save the women and children." (Continues to strike out manfully for the shore).

A FRENCH OFFICER'S GREAT HEROISM.

The bombardment of Casa Blanca has revealed a young hero in the person of Lieutenant de Tyssier, the gallant defender of the British Consulate. From the flat terrace of the Consulate roof an unprotected wooden ladder led to the smaller higher tower on the roof commanding a wider outlook. While bullets were singing past, Lieutenant de Tyssier went up and down this ladder incessantly and coolly to obtain a better view of the movements of the Moors, who were fiercely attacking the building, both from the streets and neighbouring roofs. Undoubtedly Lieutenant de Tyssier and his splendid detachment of sailors saved the situation.

'TIS TOLD BY THE TASTE.

Judges of good cocoa have learned to distinguish "FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED" from all others by reason of its unequalled flavour, aroma, and digestibility, a few sips being sufficient to proclaim its superiority.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa.

THE ORIGINAL FIRM. ESTABLISHED 1728.

"THERE'S HEALTH IN EVERY CUP."

EIFFEL TOWER

There is one real thirst quencher, and that the famous Eiffel Tower Lemonade. It makes you cool and keeps you comfortable. Try a 4d. bottle and make two gallons of the finest refresher on the face of the earth. The "Medical Magazine" says:—"The simplicity of this preparation is its greatest recommendation, and it is as harmless as it is possible to obtain."

LEMONADE

2 GALLONS FOR 4½

EIFFEL TOWER BUN FLOUR PER 1D PKT

Our Splendid Serial. ***Sensation and Mystery.***

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

WHAT ELLEN KNEW.

"IN what way?" asked Lady Cobbin, before Belinda could speak.

Mrs. Gerson explained very simply, as her brain was shallow and she was of an unsuspicious nature. "Arthur treated me very badly," she said in a soft tone and rather helplessly. "We had the greatest difficulty in living, as he would not give me any money. I lived with my father and still served in the shop, so as to make both ends meet. Arthur always said that he had spent his thousand pounds for the year and would not get any more for months. On account of the marriage, he was afraid of losing his income. My father grew to hate him, because he treated me so badly."

"What did he do to you?" asked Belinda sympathetically.

Ellen hid her thin face in her hands. "Oh, he was dreadful," she wailed. "At times I think that he was mad. He bullied me, and once he struck me. But father struck him back, and he never tried to strike me again. But on the afternoon when I saw him last, he was quite kind. He said that Dr. Darton would give him money for certain papers——"

"Ah," said Lady Cobbin, drawing a long breath, "did you see the papers?"

"No," said Ellen simply; "that is, he never showed them to me or told me what they contained. But he had them in a blue envelope."

"A blue envelope. Ah, and that envelope was found at his feet."

Ellen nodded, and glanced at Belinda, whose face was pearly white. "They said at the inquest that Arthur was murdered because of those papers."

"It is not true—it is not true," cried Belinda fiercely.

"It is true," said Lady Cobbin forcibly. "The envelope was torn, and the papers had been removed. If the murder was not committed for the sake of the papers, why should the envelope have been taken from the dead man's pocket?"

"From his breast-pocket," cried Mrs. Gerson. "He placed them there. I saw him place them there when he left the house. It was when I came home to dinner, and just before I returned from the shop."

"One moment," said Lady Cobbin, who had been thinking. "You told us that you last saw your husband in the afternoon. Yet the evidence of Sir Samuel Embers goes to prove that Arthur Gerson called to see you somewhere about ten o'clock in the evening."

Ellen looked confused. "Yes, he did," she admitted, "but only as a stranger. There was another customer in the shop, and Arthur only asked for a packet of Nestor cigarettes. He always treated me as if he did not know me when in the presence of anyone else."

"Did he produce the blue envelope then?"

"No. But he carried his cigarette-case in his vest-pocket, and when he took it out to fill it from the packet I saw the blue envelope sticking up inside his breast-pocket. It was a long envelope."

Lady Cobbin tried to remember the description of the envelope which had been given at the inquest. "I understood that it was a brief-sized envelope," she said pointedly. "Such a one would not go into a man's breast-pocket."

"Arthur doubled it lengthways," said Ellen quickly. "He said that the papers meant money, and that he would have to take care of them. I caught a glimpse of the envelope in his inside pocket, and then he went out, and I never saw him again"; and she wept bitterly.

Lady Cobbin turned to Belinda. "Mr. Mendle told me that you were waiting up to see Dr. Darton?"

"I was not," said Belinda, firm but pale. "I waited up to see Arthur, as he said all manner of foolish things."

"Threatened Dr. Darton, in fact."

"Yes," admitted Belinda reluctantly.

"Then I take it that your brother intended to see Dr. Darton on the night of his death, and return these papers, on payment of money."

"I don't believe that he saw him," cried Belinda in despair.

"Yes, he did," said the inquiry-agent imperiously, "and Dr. Darton got the papers. Apparently he did *not* pay the money."

Belinda rose suddenly, and advanced with clenched fists. "You shall not accuse Wilfred in this way," she declared; "from what you say, one would imagine that he had murdered Arthur."

"Mr. Gerson was to meet Dr. Darton, according to his wife's story," said Lady Cobbin, arguing calmly, "and about money for the papers. Those were in a blue envelope. That was found open, and the contents gone. The man who had possessed the envelope was dead. What do you make of that, Miss Gerson?"

"It can be explained," she muttered, twisting her hands in agony.

"What do you think, Miss Lane?"

Harriet shivered. "Don't ask me," she murmured.

"Mrs. Gerson——"

"If you say one word," cried Belinda, turning fiercely on the girl, "I won't help you with a penny!"

Lady Cobbin rose, smiling triumphantly. "It only remains to question Dr. Darton," she said decisively, and walked out, leaving three pale, startled, terrified women.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

LADY COBBIN had lost no time in seeking the half-sisters, when engaged by Mendle to look after the Gerson Case. She had struck when the iron was hot, and so far had found it extremely malleable and capable of being twisted into a weapon to serve her purpose. That Ellen should have come to reveal the secret of her marriage, and to substantiate the fact that her young husband had held certain incriminating papers connected with Wilfred Darton, made the next few steps to be taken surprisingly easy—too easy, in fact, and for that reason Milady did not take them immediately. She had some other business to attend to, and, reflecting that Dr. Darton would not run away, she postponed her interview with him until the morrow. Yet she might have reflected that Darton's conversation with Mendle might have frightened him into possible flight.

"No," decided Lady Cobbin, after considering this point, "he is in love with Belinda Gerson, and knows that she will defend him. Also, he has no money, and marriage with her means five thousand a year. I think with these things to gain, a home and a wife, he will brave the matter out, and dare us to do our worst."

It will be seen that Lady Cobbin was quite certain of the Doctor's guilt, and on the face of it she was justified in so thinking. The dead man had certainly possessed papers which Darton desired to obtain, and these—according to Ellen—had been placed in a blue brief-size envelope, which had been doubled up in Gerson's pocket. Arthur had intimated to his wife, to Belinda, and to Harriet, that he intended to meet Darton on the night of his death, and for this purpose, apparently, had stolen the cab from Embers. As Arthur had been found dead on the cab, with the envelope, robbed of its contents, at his feet, it was only reasonable to consider that Darton had killed him. At least Lady Cobbin thought so, and it was in her mind to

BUTTING A BOILER: AN ELEPHANT WHO "HEADS" HIS BURDEN.

Photo. Shepstone.

TRANSPORTATION DIFFICULTIES IN A JUNGLE.

An interesting photograph showing how the elephant is used as a beast of burden in Ceylon. Four of these giant creatures are seen hauling a huge boiler up a steep road through the heart of the jungle. The boiler is on its way to a large tea-plantation, and weighs no fewer than nine-and-a-half tons, and measures some ten feet in diameter. One elephant took up his post in the rear and pushed the heavy load forward with its head.

see Mendle and advise him, on the evidence she had collected, to get out a warrant of arrest by informing Hake of the young man's guilt. But on second thoughts the inquiry-agent decided to personally interview the doctor before proceeding further. She was woman enough to desire a sight of the man whom Belinda defended so furiously.

Lady Cobbin therefore returned to her office and attended to some other business. But the Gerson case fascinated her, and after office hours she did violence to her feelings by still continuing to exist as Milady. As a rule, when the office was closed, she became Lady Cobbin, and returned to Hampstead; but on this occasion she took her evening meal at Gatti's, and somewhere between seven and eight went to Rodger Street, near the Haymarket, where the Piccadilly Theatre was situated. Although the night was cold and raw with sleet and high winds, it was characteristic that Lady Cobbin took no cab. She invariably walked, and especially enjoyed doing so at night, since in the dark hours she was always coming across people who were useful to her. She was as ardent a devotee of London as Dickens himself, and in a loosely-hanging, fur-lined overcoat, which clothed her down to the heels of her stout boots, strode along in defiance of wind and rain. With her masculine hat and cigarette and cane, and with the coat hiding her petticoats, she might have been a man, as she swung masterfully along.

It was close upon eight o'clock and cab and motor-car and four-wheeler and brougham discharged their fares and owners at the brilliantly lighted door of the theatre. At the corner of the narrow dark street which led down to the stage door, Lady Cobbin saw Peggy O'Toole standing, gaunt and Amazonian, watching her boys gathering their nightly harvest of coppers, as they opened—when permitted by a dignified commissionaire—the doors of the various vehicles. It was Peggy whom Lady Cobbin wished to see, and she marched up to her forthwith.

Mrs. O'Toole wore a shapeless sou'-wester, and a thick pilot jacket, adorned smartly with brass buttons. In this dress, and with her hard, grim red face, she looked as manly as did Lady Cobbin. But when the agent ranged alongside her, Peggy's face lost its grimness on recognising the person who addressed her. Mrs. O'Toole was a very venal old woman, and knew that Lady Cobbin would give her money before their conversation was ended. Also, she had a wholesome fear of the inquiry-agent, regarding her as an unofficial agent of the law. Mrs. O'Toole's conscience was not entirely clear, and she kept in with those in power on the off-chance that she might some day need a friend, which, considering her shady character, was extremely likely.

"Ah, me lady, and 'tis yersilf," said she with a curtsey.

"Call me Milady. I have told you to do so before," said the other.

"An' sure ain't I adoin' av it, me lady?"

"No. It's a French way of saying it. Milady—you understand."

"Me lady. That's it. Ah, now, and how can ye expect me to get me tongue round such a divil av a langwidge? Sure, an' I hate them furrein bastes. One av thim came wid a parcel av dirthy little colleens to spile me business with the boys. But I laid him out, bad luck to the black-faced spy," and Mrs. O'Toole shook her brawny arm.

"That's enough," said Lady Cobbin sharply. "Tell me about Paddy."

"And phwat shud I tell ye, me lady? Sure, the poor boy's lying in the hospital with divil a worrd to say for himself."

"How long will he stay in the hospital?"

"Another week, no less, me lady. Thim blackguard docthers say he can come home thin, and be a comfort to his mammy."

"Don't the police want to keep an eye on him?"

"Oh, they'll do that, divil doubt them, the dirthy rag-a-bags," said Mrs. O'Toole grimly; "they know me home an' me name, and that Hake baste—may the Father av Lies fly away wid his sowl—tould me to make the boy talk if I cud. But sure I promised that same to Sir Samuel long since, the hivens be his bed, for a good gintleman."

"You know Sir Samuel?"

"Ah, now don't I! Many a drop av drink he's given me an' money foreby, like the open-handed lord he is. He's sorry for Paddy avick, and tells me he'll kape the boy in food until he can worruk again."

Lady Cobbin nodded. She was aware from what Mendle had told her that Sir Samuel was playing his own hand to win the game, and the stake, which was the hand of Belinda Gerson. But she was glad to hear indirectly that Embers had his eye on Paddy. He was taking the most direct way to learn the truth, since, if Paddy recovered his memory, he would certainly be able to tell the name of the assassin. Satisfied that Paddy would be well looked after, and knowing Mrs. O'Toole's address, which was necessary in case she should wish to look up the boy herself, Lady Cobbin handed over a shilling and moved away.

"But one moment," she said, interrupting Mrs. O'Toole's blessings. "Do you think that the boy will recover his memory?"

The gaunt Irishwoman looked shrewdly at the speaker and winked. "An' how wud it be if the boy had niver lost that same?"

"What?" Lady Cobbin started. "Do you mean to say that Paddy is clever enough to deceive the doctors? Impossible."

"An' for why?" demanded Mrs. O'Toole aggressively. "Isn't Paddy me own son, wid a divil of a father that's gone to glory wid the drink. Sure's he's lying low, for the gossoon winked at me whin the docther hadn't his eye on him.

"If you say one word," cried Belinda, turning fiercely on the girl, "I won't help you with a penny!"

"But his reason?" asked the inquiry-agent.

Mrs. O'Toole seemed to regret that she had said so much. "Ah, it's foolishness I'm talking, alannah," she said coaxingly. "Maybe me eye wasn't straight wid gin whin I saw the boy."

Lady Cobbin looked at her straightly, and saw that, Mrs. O'Toole's cunning having taken alarm, she was prepared to lie like a trooper in order to cover her too open confession. She temporised. "Perhaps your eye wasn't straight, as you say," she observed drily, "but when Paddy comes home to that wretched cellar of yours tell me, and I'll make it worth your while. I must question him. Good-night."

As Lady Cobbin moved away, Mrs. O'Toole bit the shilling to see if it was sterling coin, and looked after the retreating figure. "Oh, divil doubt but you'll ask questions," she said derisively, "but Paddy won't answer until I give him the office. There's lashin's av money to be got out av phwat Patrick knows."

Lady Cobbin was thinking much on the same lines. She knew Mrs. O'Toole of old, and knew also that Paddy was as cunning an urchin as could be found in the London streets, where most of the brats are rendered clever by their struggle for life. Yet it seemed incredible to her that Paddy should be able to deceive the doctors. Still, having regard to his precociousness and his up-bringing and his fear of Mrs. O'Toole, it might be that, knowing the truth, he was keeping it back until he found a good market for it. That is, Paddy would not tell what he knew until he was paid for his trouble. Embers would, doubtless, offer a sufficient bribe, but Lady Cobbin intended to be beforehand with Sir Samuel. However, nothing could be done until Paddy was beyond the reach of the hospital authorities, and he would certainly play possum until discharged. Therefore, Lady Cobbin went home to Hampstead and her grumbling grandmother, with the intention of seeing Darton the next day.

It was improbable that the Doctor knew her, since there was no reason why her name should be brought to his notice either officially or as that of a private individual. She therefore wrote a note in the third person, saying that "Lady Cobbin" would call at three o'clock the next afternoon to seek medical advice, and posted this before she caught the 'bus to Baker Street on her way to Hampstead. It had annoyed her greatly that Harriet had known who she was, as it had resulted, so to speak, in her hand being forced. However, being unknown to Darton, she could approach him as a private person, and thus might catch him off his guard. Of course, Lady Cobbin was too clever to think that the man would confess his guilt, but she hoped by artful questions to lure him into a trap. Then she would throw off the mask, and, appearing as Milady, would threaten him with Scotland Yard unless he told her the whole truth. If he did not, there was always Paddy O'Toole to fall back upon. Taking everything into consideration, Lady Cobbin started the next morning for Elder Square in a very satisfied state of mind. She could not see how she could fail to win the game, seeing what excellent cards she had in hand.

To her surprise, she found that the Doctor was absent, and, aping the great lady, expressed her anger that he should have so disregarded her note. "But perhaps the Doctor did not get it," she suggested.

"I don't know, Ma'am," said the neat servant-maid. "Dr. Darton received his letters as usual this morning."

"When will he be back?"

"About six o'clock, Ma'am. He had to go out to attend to a case."

"Thank you. I shall call again."

Lady Cobbin descended the steps with a sense of irritation. She liked the red carpets laid down when she came abroad, and expected all men to be at her beck and call. It seemed strange that Dr. Darton, a struggling practitioner, should neglect a titled patient, when such a one would help him greatly in his profession. The inquiry-agent did not intend to go away from the square, and yet, after some reflection, it struck her that Darton might have gone to Clement Street to see Belinda. After the stormy interview of yesterday, it was probable that she would ask her lover to call so that she might be able to place him on his guard. Lady Cobbin guessed very plainly that Miss Gerson believed the doctor to be guilty, but guessed also that the girl's love was capable of defending him to the utmost. If then the doctor had gone to Kensington, he would know who she was, and why she called, before she opened her mouth. She would have to work as Milady and not as the titled woman of society.

However, Lady Cobbin, always philosophical, made the best of things. In the square there was a tea-shop of an artistic kind, whither old ladies came to eat and gossip. The inquiry-agent entered this resting-place and found that from the window—which was curtained with Indian beadwork, she could obtain a view of Darton's front door. She therefore ordered tea, and set herself to watch with the calmness of a cat at a mouse-hole. And she was resolved not to leave her post until the mouse was in the trap of his own house.

For two long hours she sat at the marble-topped table eating for the first twenty minutes and reading for the rest of the time, with occasional glances out of the window. Her patience was rewarded sooner than she expected, for she saw her man walk past the tea-shop and cross the square in the direction of the house. Mendle had given her a description of his rival, and on the chance that this swarthy-looking gentleman might be her mouse, Lady Cobbin hurried out. She had already paid her account, so there was nothing to delay her. While the stranger was fitting a key into the door—and then she was certain that he was her man—Lady Cobbin came up the steps hurriedly.

"Dr. Darton—I am sure it is Dr. Darton!" she said in a gracious manner, and very much taken aback by the good looks of the man. "I am so glad you are here. I sent a note saying that I would call at three o'clock—but perhaps you never got it. I am Lady Cobbin, and——"

"Lady Cobbin?" said the young man coldly, and with a frown. "Yes, I think I received your note, but I was forced to go out on business."

"Better late than never," said the woman pleasantly. "You will give me a few moments of your valuable time now I hope?"

"I am afraid that I am engaged," said the doctor, with an effort.

Lady Cobbin saw that he was nervous, that he wished to terminate the interview, and was more certain than ever that Belinda had placed him on his guard. At all events, with characteristic daring she dashed into the breach. "I am sorry that Miss Gerson does not like me."

Dr. Darton started, and his breath came and went hurriedly. "I don't understand, Lady Cobbin."

"Why not call me Milady. You must have read Dumas' story, and——"

"Madam, I am sorry that I cannot give you medical advice. There are other doctors in this square."

Probably there were, but none—as the woman assured herself—could possibly be so good-looking as this nervous young man, who was trying his best to act a part and failing miserably. "I have not come for medical advice," she said quietly. "I do not ask your help. On the contrary, I have come to help you."

"You speak in riddles." Darton grew painfully confused.

"I think you are clever enough to guess my riddles," she said drily, and keeping her bright eyes admiringly on his handsome face; "and I may suggest—as a female detective, you know—that the doorstep is not a good place upon which to talk secrets."

"I have no secrets," said the doctor loudly. Nevertheless, he opened the door and beckoned that she should enter.

"Of course not," said Lady Cobbin easily; "only rascals have secrets. And you are an honest man, I am sure."

"You judge by externals," said Darton gruffly.

"Oh, dear me, no," she answered, following him into the same bare room in which he had granted Mendle an interview. "I judge by the devotion of Miss Gerson. A clever girl like that would never love a bad man."

"Be pleased to leave Miss Gerson's name out of this conversation," said Darton resolutely, and closed the door of the consulting-room. "Now I am at your service. What is it you wish to say?"

His visitor looked at him, and grew more and more to admire him. Never, she assured herself, had she seen so handsome a man, or one with so fascinating a manner, although it must be confessed that the young doctor was trying hard to be thoroughly rude. Lady Cobbin was not a susceptible woman, as she possessed a masculine strain which kept her level-headed, and, moreover, had suffered too much during her short married life to care particularly for the sterner sex. But the appearance and personality of Wilfred Darton took her reason captive in a way which annoyed her. Hitherto she had been sufficient unto herself, but now the law of sex had come inopportunely into action, and she was rapidly growing as love-sick as any green girl. Yet she fought against the feeling and tried to be business-like.

"I fear that I shall be obliged to introduce Miss Gerson's name."

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

FOR the business-girl or for morning wear nothing could be more serviceable than a "blouse suit," made up in one of the delightful yet inexpensive check zephyrs which have considerably usurped the popularity of last year's mercerised lawns. An effective mode of trimming as a variation to the yoke and insertions of broderie anglaise, which always looks well and is very durable, is to have a deep hem of plain lawn (the predominating colour of the zephyr) set on by a flax openwork stitch. If made in the pinafore style, the bretelles, waistbelt, and wristbands could be made of the plain lawn. For instance, with a blue-checked zephyr, the plain bands would be blue, set on by white openwork stitch and worn with a dainty white jabot in kilted muslin, carried down to the waistband: this would look smart and charming.

For the Useful Girl.

Striped materials are being repeated in endless variety in silks, voiles, and muslins. Some of the smartest of them are contrived with a touch of Oriental embroidery on the coat or bodice, giving the requisite note of colour, especially if the stripe is in some undefined tone of fawn or grey. Another dainty keystone of fashion is the glimpse of coloured velvet which appears in the form of a binding on neck and wristbands of lace and net, especially when these are concerned with yoke and undersleeves. Many dainty and quaint fashions are being revived for neck-wear. Among these is the band of black velvet ribbon, once so popular, but it is now much bejewelled for evening wear, and also forms a background for a jetted and sequined collar, and sometimes wristbands are made to match. For younger wearers a white lace collar-band, covered with a lattice-work of tiny pearls and turquoises, or having the design outlined with tiny silver sequins and crystal beads, is a very pretty idea. A girl with clever fingers could set to work on this idea and fashion dainty trimmings for an evening blouse, while to beautify an otherwise simple wedding-dress nothing looks more attractive than vandyked insertions of lace embroidered with silver sequins. Blouses for day wear look smart with coarse bands of guipure lace insertion, veined or outlined in silk of a delicate shade, while blouses with lace yokes can be given a very distinguished look by being inserted with narrow strappings of silk or velvet, arranged in a trellis pattern.

Touches of Oriental Embroidery.

For the small boy a sailor-suit, short knickers and tunic, with sailor-collar made of drill or coloured linen, is desirable, as it is cool and washes well. The collar and cuffs should be of white when the suit is coloured, while a coloured leather belt invariably gives a smart effect. With a good pattern this little suit can easily be made at home, as it is perfectly simple. For a boy of three to five about two-and-a-half yards of holland or drill, 31 in. wide, would be required. A dainty, yet simple, piece of needlework while sitting on the sands with the children in the morning, would be to embroider the neck and sleeves of a holland overall, such as I have been describing. A simple design is best, and if a running pattern is traced on to the material, and it is then worked in rather coarse flourishing, it is a very effective trimming

Needlework on the Sands.

Worry is a fatal ingredient in the happy home. The children of a worrying mother will never in after-life altogether free themselves from the sense of oppression which has haunted them through childhood. Better let your children grow up somewhat careless and slipshod in their methods than imbue them with a worrying sense of detail which can only handicap them in later years. A sunny disposition and cheerful temper are worth more to their owner than abilities which have been acquired at the expense of both. It is better to have smiling faces and a little less order in the home than a precision which gets on the nerves of everyone. If a cup or a glass is broken, it is a bad look-out, but all the worry in the world won't mend it, and if it has been broken by carelessness which might well have been avoided, it is better not to harp on the fact.

Avoidance of Worry.

"KING EDWARD'S LATEST RELATION."

Charming photograph taken last week of Princess Margaret of Connaught (Duchess of Scania) with her first child, the Duke of Vesterbotten, and her month-old baby, King Edward's latest relation.

In hot weather it is not advisable to wash the face with soap and water more than once a day, yet in dusty summer time the complexion often requires some cleansing process several times in the course of the twenty-four hours. Milk, or an application of diluted elder-flower water, is beneficial in such cases. When hot or perspiring the face may be first gently rubbed over with a soft dry towel, and then any further traces of dirt may be removed by means of cold cream, or a soft face-flannel moistened in the manner described. Afterwards a pure powder may be employed with advantage. Rainwater, as is well known, is one of the best cosmetics for the face, and milk allowed to dry on the skin is also of advantage. Sufficient salt dissolved in a small quantity of milk, and allowed to stand until it acquires the consistency of a thick cream, is also held by some to be a very good preparation. Smear over the face and allow to dry on. The salt will be found to adhere in small particles, and can be rubbed off, while the milk, saturated with salt, will cause a sticky feeling, and must on no account be bathed off till morning. Needless to say, this treatment must be indulged in over night, but by next morning the skin will be found beautifully fresh and firm, and the usual ablutions can be indulged in. If persevered in for several nights a marked benefit will be found to result.

The Complexion in Summer.

A smart frock for holiday wear, yet suitable for most occasions, would be a cream or light coloured eolienne or alpaca. Both materials would stand the ordeal of pleasure-making or sight-seeing well, as they shake off the dust, and therefore do not easily soil, while, on the other hand, they clean beautifully. Made with a little kimono coat, showing an undervest and sleeves of Irish lace, with a belt of soft satin and bands of the same on the skirt, such a costume can look very successful.

A Practical Dress.

Photo. Topical.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING": THE MUCH-DISCUSSED LADY GODIVA PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF COVENTRY.

For weeks past the question of the propriety of including the famous Lady Godiva in the Coventry procession has been warmly discussed. Then came the question of dress, or lack of dress, and discussion waxed warmer. Last week La Milo (the famous living statue) rode through the streets on a white horse, clothed in many yards of chiffon and wearing a wonderful wig and a pretty smile. She was cheered by thousands, but the general opinion seemed to be that a lot of unnecessary fuss had been made. However, a good cause—the hospitals—must have greatly benefited by the added interest taken in the procession.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

My Garden Plans.

AUG. 17 TO 23.—The garden ought now to be making its best show of bloom, and it should be the amateur's aim to preserve this brightness and retain the mass of colour as long as possible. The autumn will come around quite soon enough, and all dead blooms and decaying growths should be plucked off and removed with regularity and system. Indeed, it is an excellent idea to go round the borders every morning with scissors and basket performing this task. The weekly programme is becoming more varied again now, and already we are turning our thoughts towards another season, for the last fortnight in August and the first two weeks in September are really the end of the gardener's year. Early bulbs for forcing narcissus, Roman hyacinth, and so on, should be planted now, and I am making preparations for the main crop of bulbs by getting the ground well and deeply dug and mixing a certain proportion of sand with my soil, which is heavy and clayey. I am busy now earthing up celery and leeks gradually, and a good deal of my time is taken up securing climbers of various kinds. I am also replanting the seedlings of wallflowers, Canterbury bells, hollyhocks, and so on into nursery beds. Such transplantation ensures strong, bushy plants. I am also taking many cuttings just now of geraniums, fuchsias, and so on. By the way, let me remind you that in a few weeks at most you will be needing storage room for your main-crop potatoes and other root crops, and you might do worse than follow my example in making timely arrangements.

Garden Tools.

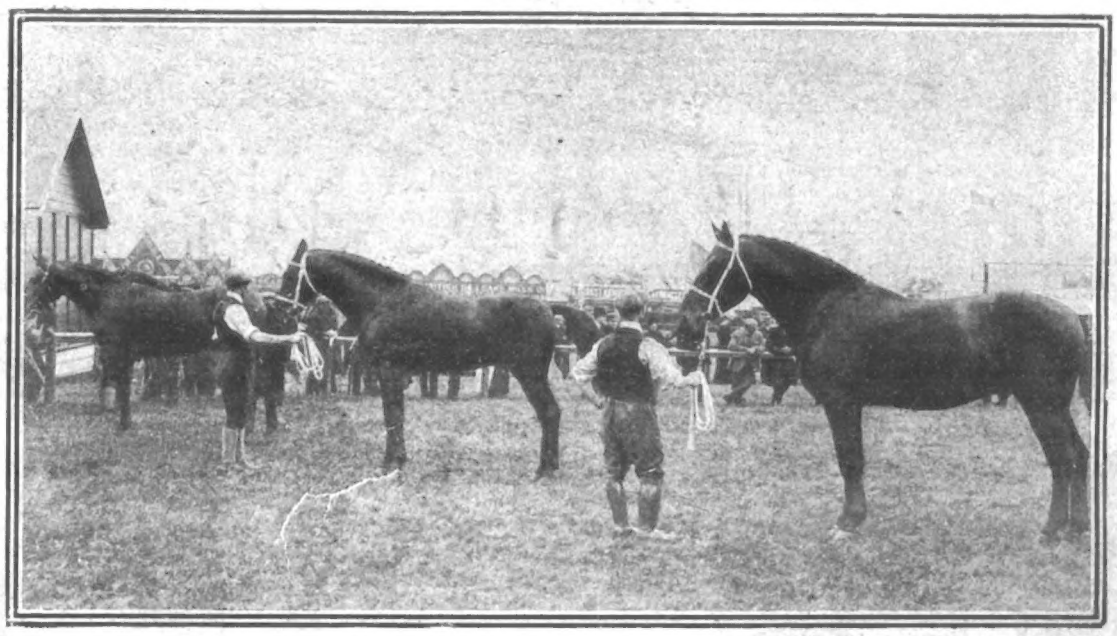
It is perfectly true that no one can run a garden successfully without a reasonable number of tools, but the amateur is apt to overdo it, and to hoard up in his tool-shed a number of articles that may be novelties, but not necessities, in the category of garden implements. For instance, no one with an average small villa garden need buy either a roller or a ladder, for both may be hired for a few pence from a local ironmonger. With a lawn-mower it is different though, for the hired variety are usually aged, decrepit machines, more or less useless. Still, a good mower, with care, will last for many years. A spade, of course, is a genuine necessity, and no amateur should be content with a shallow-bladed one. Personally, I work with a Somerset marsh-spade, or "graft," as it is called, and I know of nothing better to fetch up the very heart of the soil in sound, conscientious digging. The blade is 14 in. in length, 7½ in. in width at the base, and in weight the tool is 5½ lb.—truly a "hefty" weapon, workmanlike in every way. A light four-pronged fork you will also find a necessity, to which add a rake, a 2½-in. swan-necked hoe, a Dutch hoe, a long-handled trowel, a pair of shears, a strong garden hammer, and a supply of nails and bass. A watering-can you will also need, and probably sticks for tieing up your things, but the whole outfit does not represent a very serious amount. Still, get *good* tools whilst you are about it, for they are cheapest in the end. If you are of an economical turn of mind you will fix the handles yourself to your rake and hoes. Of garden luxuries there is a multitude, but the finest and most costly appliances will never make a gardener: it is the bent-pin argument as applied to the angling small boy again in another guise.

Egg-Eating.

Egg-eating is a bad habit and a very difficult one to get rid of in the poultry-run, and unless the culprit be valuable, it is usually better to kill at once. The best remedy I know of is to give plenty of bone-meal (say, Messrs. Spratt's), and oyster-shells chopped up, or grits, with an extra allowance of green food. In small runs, where the nesting-boxes are near at hand, the eggs should be collected more frequently, and egg-eaters watched so that they may have no opportunity of committing their crime; and I have heard the plan of an egg-shell doctored with mustard spoken of very highly. Like feather-picking and similar troubles, egg-eating is a nuisance to be treated promptly and drastically, and often cocks are greater offenders than the hens.

Layers and Cuttings.

Discussing carnations, "K. H. W." in our delightful contemporary, *Garden Life*, says: "I am often asked what is the difference in growth between layers and cuttings. Layers, being fed partly by their parent plants for the first two months of their existence, have a better chance to develop into good plants, with plenty of grass, both for flowering the next season, and also for carrying on for a second year if desired. Cuttings, having to depend upon themselves entirely, cannot be expected to make such bushy plants. Sometimes they do not come to their best until the second year, especially if taken late, and sometimes they are apt to throw only a flowering shoot, in which case, of course, they die after flowering. When this last is seen to be the case, it can often be remedied by pinching out the point of the shoot. This will usually induce the cutting to make some grass, but the first season's blooms will be forfeited."



YORKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT BARNSLEY.
Some prize Yorkshire coaching horses.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

H. R. E. (Highgate).—The leaf you send is that of the golden euonymus, a very pretty evergreen. It will grow in almost any soil and situation, excepting, of course, dark corners. I wish a kind friend would send me half-a-dozen, as has happened in your case!

J. RUDDOCK (Winchester).—Write to Messrs. Spratt's Patent, Limited, 24 and 25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. for a price-list. You will find the appliance illustrated in this list.

NEMO (Kennington).—Yes; the present is an excellent time for planting grass-seed to make a lawn. First rake level the ground and keep it firm and free from stones. The seed will need protection from birds, or it will come up patchy, and you must be careful not to walk about on the newly sown ground.

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